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**THE STRANGEST FASHION IN THE WORLD: A HIGH COLLAR OF BRASS COILS WEIGHING 12lb.—
A PADAUNG WOMAN OF BURMA.**

No women in the world, it is said, carry the ludicrous in fashion to such an extreme as the Padaungs of Burma. These neck coils are formed of one long strip of brass, about one-third of an inch in diameter. The upper coil rests on the lower and wider coil, and the total weight is about twelve pounds.

They often make the neck several inches longer than it would be naturally, and cause deformities to the lower jaw and the shoulder. This fact does not seem to worry the wearers, however, and the higher their brass collars, the happier they look. Other photographs appear on page 295.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN reading some recent discussions about Victorian fiction, I have come upon a curious fallacy about what is called sentiment. It is generally called sentimentalism or sentimentality. The term, in any case, is always applied in a bad sense. And it is almost always applied exactly where it does not apply. There are apparently some people so constituted that they are sickened by any sentiment concerned with certain simple and popular things, such as the love of mothers or the charm of children. They wince at the very word "mother," and quiver with intellectual disgust at the very mention of any such sentiment as "women and children first." But this sort of fastidiousness or disdain is the very opposite of what it professes to be. So far from being an attack on sentiment, it is itself an excess of sensibility. It has the supreme sentimental fault of being affected by the mere associations of words instead of by the intrinsic idea in things. There is nothing of illusion, or even of superficiality, in recognising the importance of the emotions belonging to these things. There is nothing weak about showing such feelings; there is nothing realistic about denying such feelings. The feelings are facts; they are even very fundamental facts. We are not the less dealing with facts because we are dealing with a very large number of facts. You may be so constituted, in your nervous system, that what is common rapidly becomes commonplace. But that is because your emotions are easily exhausted, not because the subject is exhausted. Your attitude is really and truly sentimental, because it is subjective. It is affected by repetition; but it is not in touch with the reality about the things repeated. As an objective fact, the hundredth blade of grass is as green as the first blade of grass. The hundredth sunbeam is as bright as the first sunbeam. And the hundredth child murdered by King Herod is as pathetic as the first. King Herod may have come to the end of his pleasure; but the mother has not come to the end of her pain. And her pain is a plain fact of nature, absolutely radical and realistic; as solid as a lump of rock. It has every quality of stone—antiquity, universality, simplicity, permanence. And a stone is not any the less a stone because it is not the only pebble on the beach.

It is obvious that anti-sentimentalism is only a rather priggish and a rather snobbish form of sentimentalism. The fastidious person is really preferring feelings to facts. Nevertheless, we all know that there is something weak and deleterious that deserves to be called sentimentalism. Only, as is commonly the case to-day, hardly anybody makes any attempt at defining the thing he is always denouncing, finding it much easier to denounce than to define. I will not claim a final definition here; but I will suggest a principle as a practical test. The sin of sentimentalism only occurs when somebody indulges a feeling, sometimes even a real feeling, to the prejudice of something equally real, which also has its rights. The most common form of this dishonesty is what is called "having it both ways." I have always felt it in the conventionalised laxity of fashionable divorce, where people want to change their partners as rapidly as at a dance, and yet want again and again to thrill at the heroic finality of the sacramental vow, which is like the

sound of a trumpet. They want to eat their wedding-cake and have it.

It is as healthy to enjoy sentiment as to enjoy jam. In the evil of sentimentalism there must always be some suggestion of *stealing* jam. It has many milder forms and lighter occasions that those above mentioned, which I am not going to debate again here. In connection with Victorian literature, I will take a popular example: a play which everybody knows, which nearly everybody enjoys and admires; which I certainly heartily enjoy and admire, but which has not escaped the charge of sentimentality. And what strikes me as odd is that it is blamed where it does not fail, and not half so much blamed where it

There is nothing really false in all this—and, indeed the critics do not really mean that it is false, but only that it is familiar.

Yet there is something that does ring false in the play, and it seems to have been much less criticised. The final decision of Peter Pan was a bad example of having it both ways. What is really wrong with that delightful masterpiece is that the master asked a question and ought to have answered it. But he could not bring himself to answer it—or rather, he tried to say "yes" and "no" in one word. A very fine problem of poetic philosophy might be presented as the problem of Peter Pan. He is represented as a sort of everlasting elf, a child who never changes age after age, but who in this story falls in love with a little girl who is a normal person. He is given his choice between becoming normal with her or remaining immortal without her, and either choice might have been made a fine and effective thing. He might have said that he was a god—that he loved all, but could not live for any; that he belonged not to them but to multitudes of unborn babes. Or he might have chosen love, with the inevitable result of love, which is incarnation; and the inevitable result of incarnation, which is crucifixion—yes, if it were only crucifixion by becoming a clerk in a bank and growing old. But it was the fork of the road; and even in fairyland you cannot walk down two roads at once. The one real fault of sentimentalism in this fairy play is the compromise that is ultimately made, whereby he shall go free for ever, but meet his human friend once a year. Like most practical compromises, it is the most unpractical of all possible courses of action. Even the baby in that nursery could have seen that Wendy would be ninety in no time, after what would appear to her immortal lover a mere idle half-hour.

But I only mention it here as the first example that occurs to me of the sentimental fault where it really exists, and the way in which it is often alleged where it does not exist. It is not sentimental, in the bad sense, to make a mother play on a piano, because the notes on a piano only profess to be notes, and not words that define and decide. But it is sentimentalism to use words in order to confuse and weaken when they ought to define and decide. It is not sentimental to deal with things of sentiment,

such as tone or melody or minor graces of life. It is not false to be sentimental about these things that are avowedly things of sentiment. The evil comes in when we waver about weighty matters; not when we allow gossamer and thistledown to follow their own nature, which is to waver. And it may be noted that many great periods in the past, strong in arms and in counsel, gaining triumphs and building codes of law, reconstructing civilisation or reawakening religion, were none the less very sentimental about lesser and lighter things. The great days of the Grand Siècle, of the Revolution, and of Napoleon were full of china shepherdesses and little opera tunes. But the great men of those days did not hesitate between the King and the Republic as we hesitate between a hundred new religions and stale philosophies. There is nothing feeble-minded about playing the flute, considered as playing the flute. But if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle?



THE KING RIDES TO THE BUTTS FOR THE FIRST DAY OF GROUSE-SHOOTING: HIS MAJESTY ON HIS PONY READY FOR THE START ON "THE TWELFTH."

The King, who is one of the keenest of sportsmen and a first-rate shot, makes a practice of visiting the Yorkshire moors for the opening of the grouse-shooting season on "the Twelfth." As noted on another page, his Majesty was once more the guest of the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey, in Wharfedale. He is seen here on his pony, ready to start for the butts on the Hazelwood Moors.

does. I mean Sir James Barrie's famous fantasia of "Peter Pan." I am not dealing with the aspect of it that I like most—the pirate with the hook or the crocodile with the clock inside it. It would surely be an excess of sensibility to see anything particularly sentimental about them. But many sensible people have complained very scornfully of the opening of the final scene—of the bereaved mother moving sadly about the room or playing soft music on the piano. I am not sure that I agree with this complaint, though, of course, it depends how the thing is done. But real sentimentalism is a sin against reality; and this is not really a sin against reality. Mothers do miss their children; a mother probably would think of them with affection if the house were suddenly empty, possibly with more affection than at those exciting moments when it seems a little too full. Some ladies do play on pianos, though the taste is doubtless liable to abuse; and music is a perfectly genuine way of relieving the emotions.

BRASS-BOUND WOMEN OF BURMA: A "CHAMPAGNE-BOTTLE" NECK EFFECT.



WITH THEIR NECKS ENCASED IN BRASS COILS, CAUSING UNNATURAL ELONGATION, AND WEARING HEAVY EAR-RINGS AND BANGLES: TYPICAL PADAUNG WOMEN OF BURMA AND THEIR CURIOUS ORNAMENTS.



THE PADAUNG WOMAN'S ELABORATE HEAD-DRESS: A SPIKED HELMET, WITH RIBBONS, SCARF, AND NECKLACES OVER HER BRASS NECK-COILS.



LIKE A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE, WITH HER LONG BRASS-BOUND NECK AND SLOPING SHOULDERS: A PADAUNG WOMAN.



WEARING A TOTAL WEIGHT OF ABOUT 20 LB. IN COILS OF POLISHED BRASS ROUND HER NECK AND LEGS: A PADAUNG WOMAN.

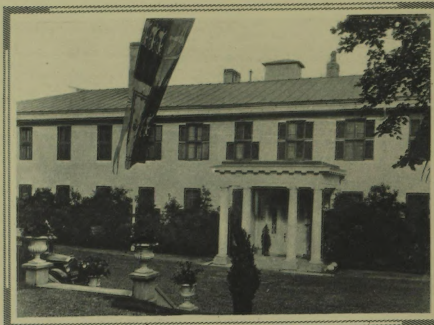


HER HEAD HELD HIGH BY A BRASS-RINGED COLLAR, AND SURMOUNTED BY A SPIKED HELMET: A MUCH-METALLED PADAUNG BELLE WITH ELONGATED NECK.

The Padaung women of Burma (as noted under the photograph on our front page) favour extraordinary fashions, in the form of huge coils of brass round their necks, as well as round their legs. "This ornament (says a writer in the "Times of India Illustrated Weekly") is probably the most grotesque of feminine adornments—causing as it does distortion and elongation of the cervical vertebrae. They have been aptly described, with their long brass-bound necks, as resembling champagne bottles. The neck ornament weighs slightly over 12½ lb. Altogether one of these Padaung women often carries over twenty pounds of brass. The

origin of the custom is obscure. Probably it is due to an extravagant desire for decoration, but possibly the idea is to retain the women within the tribe, which numbers only 13,000. A century ago the men are said to have worn similar decorations. . . . The Padaungs are a Mongolian type. They are a very friendly people, and not at all shy. The women will gladly put on their best clothes to be photographed. The long shirt-jackets are white and red very often, the short skirts deep indigo blue, which shows up particularly well the shining brass coils on the neck and legs."

THE PRINCES AND THE PREMIER IN CANADA FOR HER DIAMOND JUBILEE: INCIDENTS OF A HISTORIC TOUR.



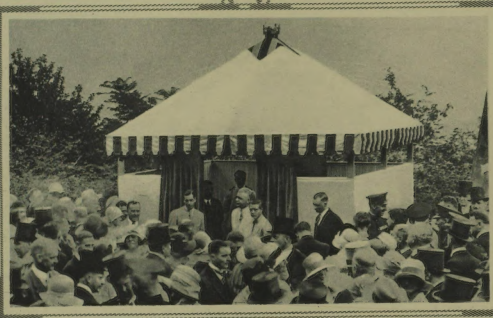
FLYING THE ROYAL ENSIGN DURING THE PRINCES' VISIT: SPENCER WOOD, THE HISTORIC HOME OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF QUEBEC, NEAR THE SCENE OF WOLFE'S VICTORY.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE (FOLLOWING, UP THE STEPS) ARRIVING AT HOLY TRINITY CATHEDRAL, QUEBEC, FOR SUNDAY SERVICE: THE CLERGY'S GREETING.



THE PRINCE OF WALES GOLFING AT MONTREAL: DRIVING-OFF ON THE LAVAL-SUR-LAC COURSE.



SENATOR McDUGALD'S GARDEN PARTY AT MONTREAL: THE PRINCE OF WALES (TO RIGHT OF MARQUEE DOOR) AND PRINCE GEORGE (TO LEFT OF DOOR) AMONG THE GUESTS.



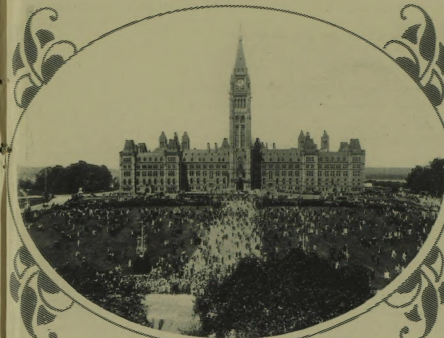
PRINCE GEORGE GOLFING AT QUEBEC, DRIVING-OFF ON A COURSE NEAR THE LIEUT-GOVERNOR'S HOUSE.



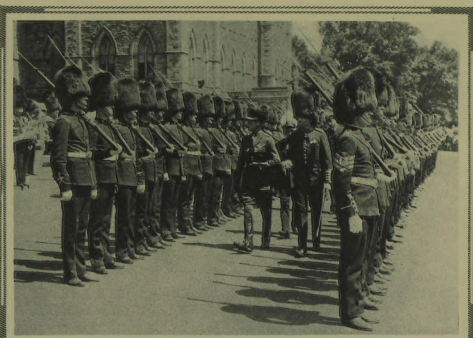
THE ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL: A GROUP ON THE LANDING-STAGE, SHOWING THE MAYOR, MR. MEDERIE MARTIN (WEARING HIS CHAIN OF OFFICE) BETWEEN THE PRINCE OF WALES (RIGHT) AND PRINCE GEORGE (LEFT), AND MRS. BALDWIN (LEFT BACKGROUND).



THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTS A GUARD OF HONOUR OF CANADIAN WAR VETERANS, IN CIVILIAN DRESS, WEARING THEIR MEDALS: HIS FIRST ACT ON ARRIVING IN OTTAWA.



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CROWDS DURING THE VISIT OF THE PRINCES AND THE BRITISH PREMIER IN CONNECTION WITH CANADA'S DIAMOND JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS



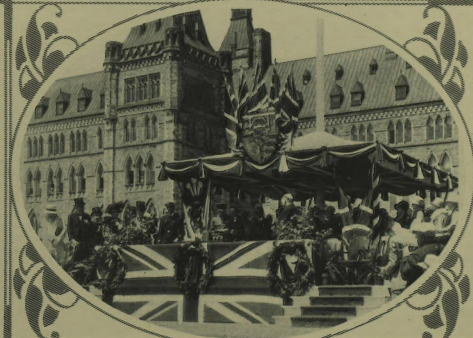
THE PRINCE OF WALES INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S FOOT GUARDS: AN INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN OTTAWA.



A GROUP AT THE FOOT OF THE PEACE TOWER OF THE CANADIAN HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AT OTTAWA: (L. TO R., IN FRONT), THE HON. L. CANNON, BRIG-GEN. C. F. TROTTER, ADMIRAL SIR L. HALSEY, THE HON. R. DANDURAND, PRINCE GEORGE, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE RT. HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING (PREMIER OF CANADA), THE RT. HON. STANLEY BALDWIN (PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN), MRS. BALDWIN, THE HON. W. R. MOTHERWELL, LIEUT.-COL. SIR R. D. WATERHOUSE, THE HON. J. C. ELLIOTT, MRS. MUNRO, AND CAPT. R. G. MUNRO.



AFTER THE PRINCE OF WALES HAD UNVEILED THE STATUE OF SIR WILFRID LAURIER: A GROUP SHOWING THE PRINCE (SECOND FROM RIGHT IN FRONT, WITH SMALL FLAG) AND MR. MACKENZIE KING (EXTREME RIGHT, IN FRONT).



THE PRINCE OF WALES REPLYING TO THE CANADIAN PREMIER'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME: THE SCENE BEFORE THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA, SHOWING (IN ORDER TO THE LEFT) PRINCE GEORGE (IN NAVAL UNIFORM), MR. BALDWIN AND MRS. BALDWIN.

The Prince of Wales and Prince George, with the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin, landed at Quebec on July 30 for their Canadian tour, which coincided with the celebration of Canada's Diamond Jubilee. They subsequently visited, in succession, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto, and took part in the inauguration of the Peace Bridge between the frontiers of Canada and the United States. Later, the two Princes stayed at the Prince of Wales's ranch near Calgary, while Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin went to Banff for a tour in the Rockies. Mr. Baldwin, it may be mentioned, is the first British Premier to visit Canada during his term of office. The Prince of Wales is, of course, very familiar with Canada. Replying to an address of welcome at Quebec, he remarked jokingly that he regarded

himself as an old-timer, while he could not resist looking on Mr. Baldwin as a "tenderfoot." The Premier recalled, however, that he had been in Canada as a Cambridge undergraduate some thirty-seven years ago. He said that nobody in public life could compare with the Prince of Wales in knowledge and experience of the Empire. At Quebec on July 31 (a Sunday) the Princes attended a service in the Anglican cathedral conducted by the Bishop of Quebec. At Montreal the visitors were present at a garden party given by Senator MacDougald at his estate on Mount Royal. At Ottawa, the Canadian Premier, Mr. Mackenzie King, announced that the Prince of Wales and Mr. Baldwin had been made members of the Privy Council for Canada. The visitors were welcomed everywhere with enthusiasm.

NATURAL HISTORY AT THE SEASIDE: WONDERS OF THE WATER-WORLD; AND SOME STRANGE COMBATS.



1. THE FIXED AND THE FREE IN MARINE LIFE: STATIONARY ANIMALS ATTACHED TO A WHARF PILE CONTRASTED WITH A JELLY-FISH (*DACTYLOMETRA QUINQUECIRRA*), THAT SWIMS AIMLESSLY WITHOUT POWER OF DIRECTION, AND WITH THE SQUID (*LOLIGO PEAII*) AND THE CUTTLEFISH (*TEUTHIDOLABRUS ADPERSUS*), BOTH OF WHICH POSSESS HIGHLY CO-ORDINATED AND EFFICIENTLY CONTROLLED SWIMMING ORGANS.



4. MINUTE ORGANISMS GREATLY MAGNIFIED: DETAILS OF THE BRYOZOA GROUP, SHOWING TINY ANIMALS FOUND GROWING OVER SEAWEDS, SHELL-FRAGMENTS, AND PEBBLES, IN AN AREA OF ONLY TWO INCHES OF SEA-FLOOR.



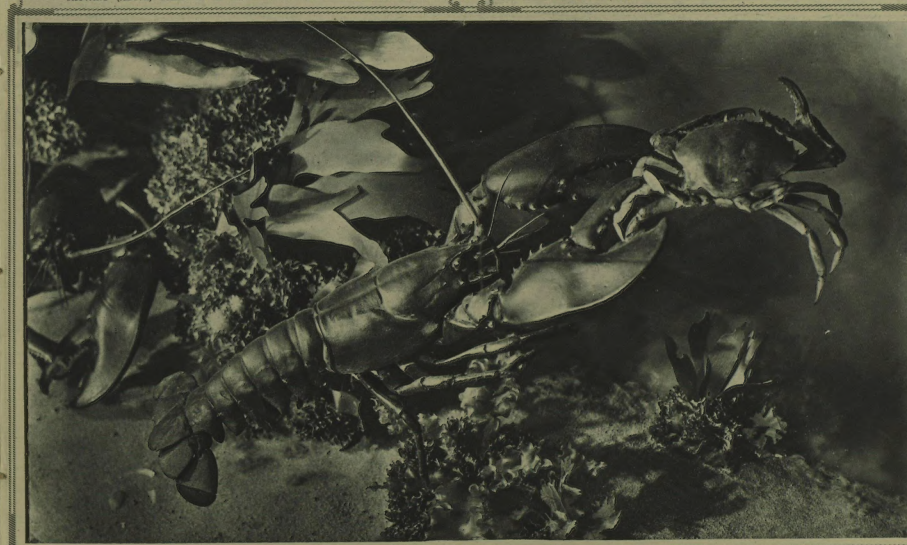
5. WITH A JELLY-FISH (RIGHT) FLOATING BY: A BROKEN WHARF-PILE COMPLETELY CAPPED WITH EDIBLE MUSSELS, IN TURN OVERGROWN WITH FEATHERY COLONIES OF PINK-HEARTED HYDROIDS (*TUBULARIA CROCEA*).



2. A STARFISH OPENING AN OYSTER ON THE SEA-FLOOR AT LOW TIDE: A REMARKABLE MODEL IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, SHOWING (ABOVE) PART OF A SAND-SPIT COVERED WITH MUSSELS.



3. A PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO GREEN CRABS (*CARCINIDES MAENAS*): A TIDE POOL GROUP, WITH A BLUE SEA-STAR (*ASTERIAS VULGARIS*) AND GREEN SEA-URCHINS (LEFT FOREGROUND).



6. MURDER AMONG THE CRUSTACEANS: AN UNWARY LADY CRAB, HAVING VENTURED OUT OF THE SAND, WHERE SHE USUALLY LIES BURIED UP TO HER PROJECTING EYES AND FEELERS, IS IMMEDIATELY POUNCED UPON BY A LURKING LOBSTER, AND IS MAKING FRANTIC EFFORTS TO ESCAPE FROM THE GRIP OF HIS HUGE CLAWS BY PADDLING HER OAR-SHAPED HIND LIMBS—AN EXAMPLE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

At this time of year, when all the world and his wife, and their children, are making holiday beside the sea, the wonderful creatures of the water-world, and its beautiful marine growths, possess a topical interest, and afford an infinite source of delight to those who have opportunities to study them. We reproduce these photographs by courtesy of Mr. Roy Waldo Miner, Curator of the Department of Lower Invertebrates in the American Museum of Natural History at New York. They represent groups, or parts of groups, prepared under his direction, and modelled on studies made from life at the seashore under his supervision. Each model is an accurate reproduction of marine life as found on the North American coast. The titles of those here illustrated (numbered as above) are as follows: (1) A study in locomotion among marine animals: detail of wharf-pile group; (2) Animals of a sand-spit. The sand-spit at Cold Spring Harbour,

Long Island, is completely overgrown with ribbed mussels, between which fiddler crabs have dug their burrows. The Mollusc Group shows this association, including a bit of the sea bottom at low tide, where a starfish is engaged in opening an oyster; (3) A pugilistic encounter between crabs. The green crab is one of the most active and pugnacious of the inhabitants of the tide pools; (4) Details of the Bryozoa Group. Here are shown, greatly magnified, the minute animals found growing over seaweeds, dead shell-fragments, and pebbles, in an area of only two inches of sea bottom. To the left are star-shaped colonies of an ascidian (*Botryllus gouldii*), which forms jelly-like masses on the eel-grass. Newly hatched larvae swim out from the central chamber of the colony. These are tadpole-shaped. (5) Another detail of the wharf-pile group; (6) An unwary lady crab (*Ovalipes ocellatus*) pounced upon by a lurking lobster."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN marshalling for review order a motley rabble of books on all kinds of subjects, it is sometimes convenient to adopt the gastronomic principle of the Walrus, as—

With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size.

Considerations of *avoirdupois*, however, are not my only reason for setting in the forefront this week a monumental work entitled, "ENGLISH HOMES: PERIOD III.—Vol. II. Late Tudor and Early Stuart, 1558—1649. By H. Avray Tipping, M.A., F.S.A. (London: *Country Life*; New York: Scribner; £3 3s.). Weight, indeed, can hardly be denied to this ample tome, but physical weight is often accompanied, in books as in human beings, by alertness and vivacity. I remember a London bus conductor remarking once, as he watched from the roof a buxom but agile damsel boarding his bus—"They step lightly when they're fat."

I do not suggest that the author of "English Homes" has treated his subject with undue frivolity, but in telling the story—architectural and biographical—of thirty great English country houses, he conveys a vast store of interesting fact in a very readable narrative. Still more alluring are the magnificent photographs with which the volume is lavishly illustrated. They number no fewer than 524, and many are full-page.

Perhaps the most interesting house, from the personality of its modern occupant, is Batemans, a Jacobean building near the Sussex village of Burwash, the home of Rudyard Kipling. "Batemans (we read) is precisely the retreat which the English-speaking world would desire one of its wisest thinkers and most brilliant writers to have created for himself. It is a typical old English home, of which every part, within and without, both what is original and what has been recently added, is in ordered harmony. From what surroundings could a teacher and patriot more fittingly draw his inspiration?"

Mr. Kipling, by the way, formerly dwelt at Rottingdean, in a house encompassed by a large walled garden. The wall, however, was not high enough to afford complete seclusion. I was told locally that he left the place because of trippers on buses from Brighton peeping over the top. Such are the penalties of fame.

I turn now to three books of "humane learning" that emanate from Cambridge. One is by the famous author of "The Golden Bough," but it belongs rather to his *parerga*—his scholarly diversions—than to his main theme of folk-lore and anthropology. It is an old friend with a new title—namely, "THE GORGON'S HEAD; AND OTHER LITERARY PIECES." By Sir James George Frazer, O.M., F.R.S., F.B.A. With a Preface by Anatole France, and a portrait of the author from the bust by Antoine Bourdelle. (Macmillan; 15s.) "This book," says the author, "is in substance a new and enlarged edition of 'Sir Roger de Coverley; and Other Literary Pieces' with a change of title." The reason for the change gave proof in itself of the author's skill in creative imitation, for he found that many readers took his de Coverley papers for genuine Addison, while some regarded them as accounts of authentic historical researches, and one went so far as to apply to the British Museum for aid in tracing the sources of de Coverley family history.

There are many other elements in this delightful miscellany, wherein the author's suave and persuasive style lures the reader along varied paths with equal charm. There are descriptive sketches of Roman life in the days of the younger Pliny, of London life in the days of Addison; and biographical sketches, including one of Cowper; essays and occasional papers, not hitherto collected, of which the two longest are studies of the French Revolution period—"Condorcet on Human Progress" and "The Road to the Scaffold." Notable among the rest are several urging the study of the Bible as literature, and affectionate memories of Cambridge in prose and verse, with a few other poems, in which I seem to detect the influence of Longfellow. Whole-hearted love and admiration for France are expressed in the essay, "French and English Chivalry," and also in an eloquent plea for the cancellation of the French debt.

Sir James Frazer, I doubt not, will find much to interest him in "THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY."

Edited by J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook, and F. E. Adcock. First Volume of Plates. Prepared by C. T. Seltman (Cambridge University Press; 25s.) in view of the statement that many of the pictures "may serve to throw light on religious thought and symbolism." This separate volume of plates illustrates the first four volumes of the History, and shows pictorially the arts and crafts of the various nations. It is at the same time self-contained, in so far as the letter-press accompanying the plates explains their historical importance. The scope of the book is very wide, including primitive man, and the ancient civilisations of Egypt, Crete, Babylon, Assyria, the Hittites, the Scythians, Persia, Etruria, and the early Greeks. The commentaries on the various sections have been contributed by leading authorities. Among them, for instance, Dr. H. R. Hall describes the three main groups of Egyptian monuments; Dr. D. G. Hogarth those of Asia Minor and the Hittites; and Professor Stephen Langdon those of early Babylonia.

The names of these authorities, and others occurring in the book, are very familiar to our readers in connection with our frequent illustrations of archaeological discoveries, as also are some of the subjects with which they deal. Thus I find the name of this paper cropping up in connection with the portrait-head of a young Egyptian queen, probably the mother of Ikhnaton. "The peculiar and characteristic features (we read) greatly resemble those of the young King Tut'ankhamun (see *The Illustrated London News*, Jan. 1927), and there can be no doubt of their blood relationship." Our readers will also recognise

Charles himself respected

the maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. "I have omitted from this publication (he writes) the third Note as read. It dealt with 'Works of Doubtful Antiquity.' I felt that, since the death of Professor Furtwängler (to whom Archaeology owes a great debt), it is desirable not to revive former controversies." In the record of Sir Charles Walston's own work for archaeology will always be remembered his efforts, years ago, to promote the excavation of Herculaneum.

Students of the Bible will welcome a new and revised edition of "LIGHT FROM THE ANCIENT EAST." The New Testament Illustrated by Recently Discovered Texts of the Græco-Roman World. By Adolf Deissmann, D.D. (Aberdeen, St. Andrews, and Manchester), Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the University of Berlin. Translated by Lionel R. M. Strachan, German Lecturer in the University of Birmingham. With eighty-five illustrations. (Hodder and Stoughton; 42s.). Describing his work as "an attempt to fill in some gaps in the historical background of Primitive Christianity," the author says: "I propose to show the importance of the *non-literary* written memorials of the Roman Empire in the period. . . the innumerable texts on stone, metal, wax, papyrus, parchment, wood, or earthenware now made accessible to us by archaeological discovery and research. . . The new discoveries have brought to light in astonishing plenty

and most delightful freshness . . . ancient non-literary letters, exchanged by private persons on terms of intimacy."

The scheme of the book, which originated from several journeys to the Near East before the war, has been carried out with painstaking German thoroughness. Each document is reproduced in facsimile, and faced by a transcript in the original language, with an English translation, and numerous footnotes. It is not so long since we were inclined to ask: "Can any good thing come out of Germany?" Here, at least, is a side of the German mind and character that was somewhat obscured during "the evil years," as Professor Deissmann calls them. Of the Professor himself Mr. Strachan says: "The circumstances under which the revision was undertaken are described in the author's preface. I should like to add that between Nov. 22, 1914 and April 23, 1918 a certain portion of the time given to 'fostering Christian solidarity' was spent in tedious journeys half-way round Berlin to visit his English translator in internment either at Plötzensee Prison or at Ruhleben. . . . Twenty-one visits were paid in all. . . . And the visitor never came empty-handed."

This passage will probably do more than anything in the book to renew its vogue in this country, and the

dedication—*Almae Matri Aberdonensi Sacrum*—may touch the granite heart of Aberdeen. A famous English cleric's post-war attitude to the "ex-enemy" is not without interest in this connection. The Dean of St. Paul's wrote in 1921 in a preface to his own work: "These essays contain a few outbursts against the Germans which I now know to be unjust; but during the war we all sinned together in vilifying our opponents." I quote these words from a re-print of "OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS." By William Ralph Inge, C.V.O., D.D. (First and Second Series), forming two volumes in the St. Paul's Library of Fact and Fiction (Longmans; 3s. 6d. each volume). Among the other volumes so far issued in this neat and attractive series are an abridgment of "HUMAN PERSONALITY AND THE SURVIVAL OF BODILY DEATH." By Frederic W. H. Myers; and the late Sir Rider Haggard's Egyptian romance, "CLEOPATRA," with illustrations, including those of R. Caton Woodville, for the reproduction of which acknowledgment is made to this paper.

Another dainty set of cheap reprints, which I commend heartily to lovers of wit and humour in biography, is that of four volumes of Collected Essays by that sparkling essayist and historian, Mr. Philip Guedalla, added to the People's Library (Hodder and Stoughton; 2s. 6d. per volume). The volumes are entitled "MEN OF LETTERS," "MEN OF AFFAIRS," "MEN OF WAR," and "STILL LIFE." As all the above-named reprints are books already famous, I need hardly dilate upon them; and that is just as well, for all I could say would be, as was said to Alice at the Mad Tea-party, "No room!" C. E. B.



ON MONT BLANC, WHOSE HIGHEST ITALIAN PEAK HAS BEEN NAMED "BENITO MUSSOLINI": ASCENDING THE AIGUILLE DU NORD BY THE NEWLY OPENED AERIAL MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

It is now possible to ascend the Aiguille du Nord, a peak of Mont Blanc, above Chamonix, by the new aerial mountain railway. The terminus stands at 8000 feet. Each car holds eighteen people. On Aug. 12 the highest peak of Mont Blanc on the Italian side was formally named after Signor Mussolini. The ceremony took place on the slopes above Courmayeur.

the portrait-bust of Ikhnaton's lovely wife, Queen Nefertiti, "than which (says the preface) nothing more perfect can have been made by the hand of man." If the reproductions do not always reach our standard, much allowance must be made for the smaller scale.

There are nearly 400 plates in all, and, in conjunction with the authoritative commentaries, they present an extremely valuable conspectus of the period covered, on its artistic side. In a short section on France and the British Isles is included that much-discussed monument, Stonehenge.

Just as the editorial staff of the "Cambridge Ancient History" has suffered a personal loss in the recent death of Professor Bury, a posthumous interest, unfortunately, also belongs to "NOTES ON GREEK SCULPTURE." By Sir Charles Walston (Waldstein), sometime Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. Illustrated. (Cambridge University Press; 3s. 6d.). The two "Notes," read before the Hellenic Society last February, deal respectively with (1) The Constantinople Pentathlete and Early Athlete Statues, and (2) A marble draped female figure in Burlington House. The author did not live to correct his proofs, and this work was done by his old friend, Sir Cecil Harcourt Smith.

The Burlington House figure (to which the author's attention, he recalls, was first directed by his wife) was illustrated in this paper a few months ago in connection with his "discovery" of it, and not long before we also gave prominence to his work on Alcmenes, which had evoked some dispute. It is pleasant to find that Sir

A ROYAL RIDE TO THE MOORS: THE KING AND HIS HOST.



THE KING IN YORKSHIRE ON "THE TWELFTH": HIS MAJESTY (RIGHT) AND THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE CROSSING A BRIDGE IN WHARFEDALE ON THEIR WAY TO THE GROUSE MOORS.

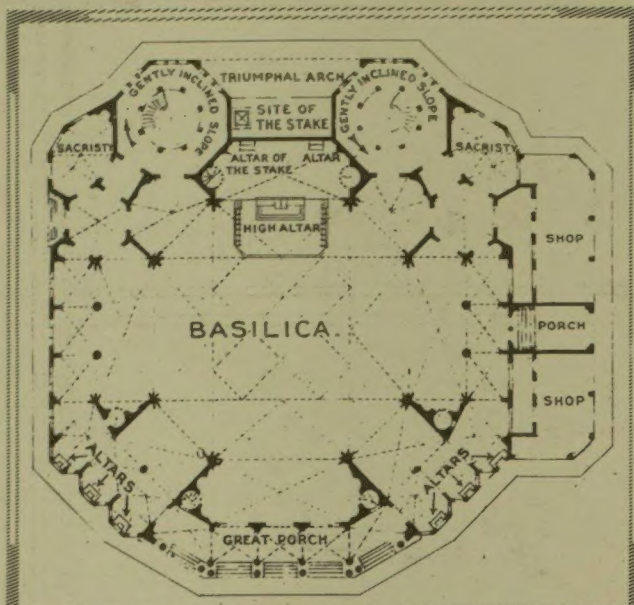
For the opening of the grouse-shooting season, on August 12, the King was again, as in recent years, the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey, near Skipton, in Yorkshire. His Majesty arrived on the 11th, and on the 12th enjoyed good sport with his host on the Hazelwood Moors. They motored part of the way in a closed car to a point where horses were awaiting them, and

then rode across the moors to the butts. On the 13th the King had another excellent day with the Duke and his party over Ramsgill Moor, the total bag being 430 brace. The other guns were Lord Hartington, Lord Downe, Sir Charles Cust, Lord Richard Cavendish, and Lord Feversham. His Majesty, of course, is well known to be one of the best shots in the country.

WHERE ST. JOAN WAS BURNT: ROUEN PLANS FOR A GREAT MEMORIAL.



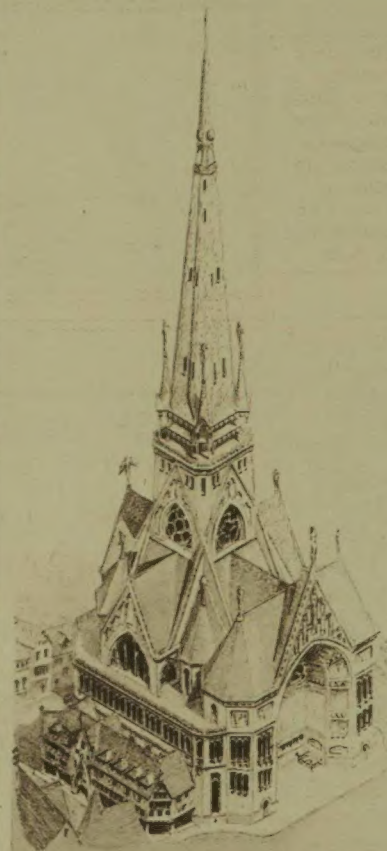
THE DESIGN FOR A VOTIVE CHURCH TO ST. JOAN OF ARC ON THE SCENE OF HER MARTYRDOM AT ROUEN: A DRAWING SHOWING THE GREAT PORCH.



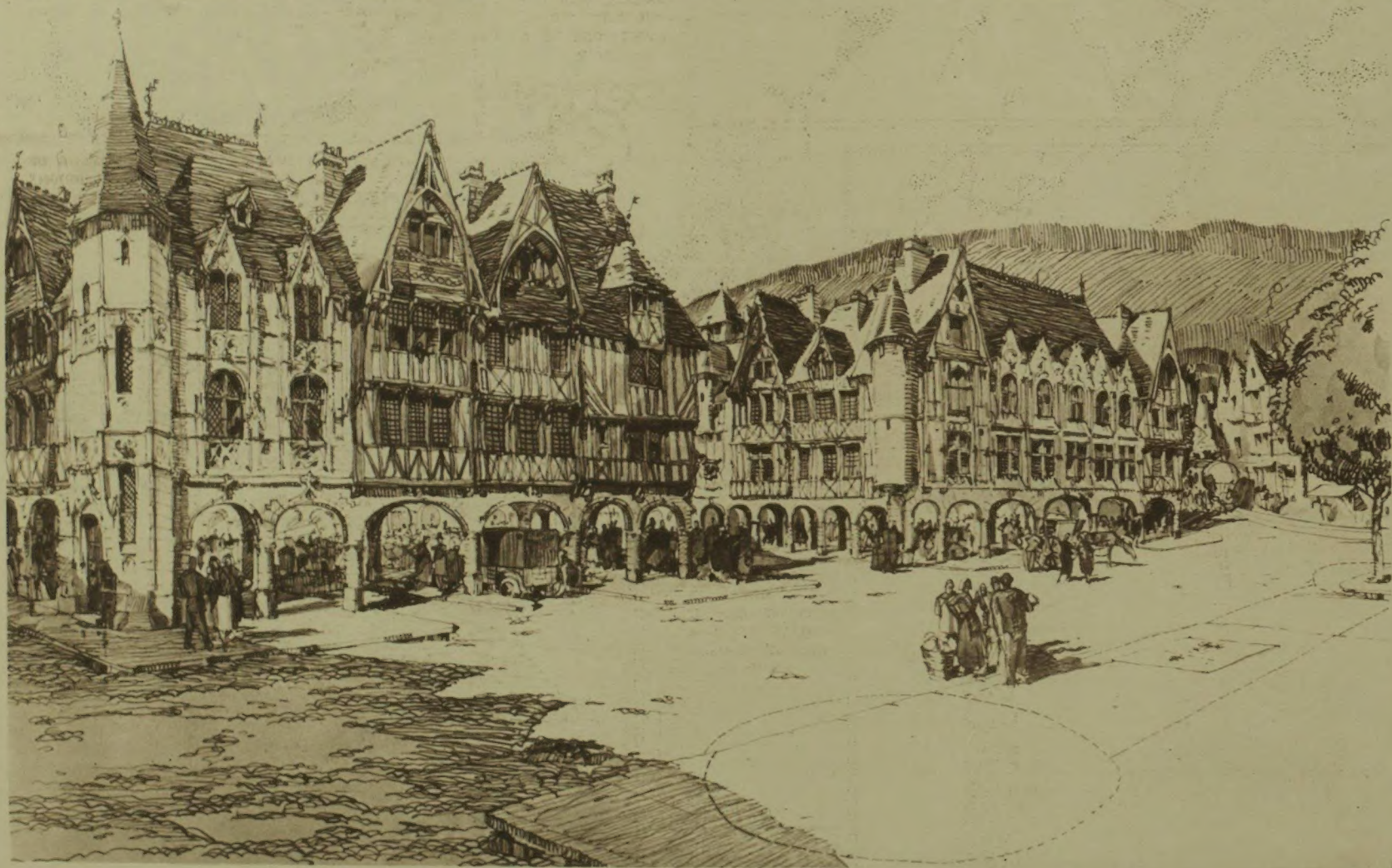
THE GROUND PLAN OF THE PROPOSED CHURCH, WITH TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND CLOISTER: A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SITE OF THE STAKE UNDER THE ARCH (TOP CENTRE).

ROUEN is taking steps to render its ancient market-place, in which St. Joan of Arc was burnt at the stake on May 30, 1431, worthier of a memory that is so deeply revered to-day both in France and Britain. A French writer says: "The Société du Mémorial de Jeanne d'Arc is buying the houses immediately adjoining the sacred slab that marks the place of her martyrdom, to raise there a shrine to the glory of the Saint. A very fine scheme has been projected by M. Raymond de Rigné. He proposes first to demolish the existing market halls, with the three groups of buildings

[Continued below.]



THE OTHER END OF THE PROPOSED CHURCH, SHOWING THE SITE OF THE STAKE UNDER THE ARCH, AND SHOPS (LEFT): A DESIGN BY J. POLTI.



THE OLD MARKET PLACE AT ROUEN AS IT WILL APPEAR IF THE MEMORIAL SCHEMES ARE CARRIED OUT: M. ROBINNE'S DESIGN FOR ARCADED MARKET HALLS TO BE BUILT IN THE STYLE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY (ST. JOAN'S PERIOD)—SHOWING (IN RIGHT FOREGROUND) THE ACTUAL SITE OF HER MARTYRDOM, WITHIN THE GROUND-PLAN OF THE PROPOSED TRIUMPHAL ARCH ATTACHED TO A VOTIVE CHURCH.

[Continued.]

bordering the Rue de Crosne and Rue de Fontenelle, and to build in their place arcaded houses in fifteenth-century style. The new market would be held, as in old-time cities, beneath the vaults of the arcade, while the upper storeys would be residential. The new building, as shown in the design by the architect, M. Robinne, would be in keeping with the character and traditions of old Rouen. As regards the site of the stake, Dr. Brunon suggests a gilded mosaic. M. de

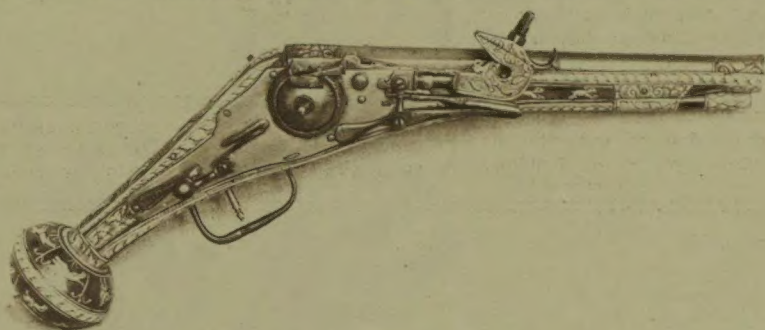
Rigné, more ambitious, dreams of building there a triumphal arch leading, by sloping inclines, into a cloister encircling a great memorial church, with radiating chapels, and a spire 600 feet high. The idea has been sympathetically considered by the Municipal Council, and is said to be approved by the Archbishop of Rouen. M. Polti, Chief Architect for Historical Monuments, has produced a remarkable design. The chief difficulty is the expense."

INCLUDING A "VERY RARE" ENGLISH SALLET: GIFTS TO THE NATION.

THE EVOLUTION
OF SPURS:
PART OF A SERIES
RANGING FROM
PLAIN NORMAN
PRICK-SPURS TO
DECORATED
TYPES WORN BY
CAVALIERS IN THE
CIVIL WAR.



SCOTTISH EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FLINT-LOCK PISTOLS WEAPONS KNOWN AS "HIGHLAND TACKS,"
USUALLY MADE OF STEEL THROUGHOUT, WITH ETCHED DECORATION.



A WHEEL-LOCK
PISTOL (PROBABLY
MADE ABOUT 1580)
INLAID WITH
HUNTING SCENES
IN ENGRAVED
HORN, AND
STAMPED ON THE
BARREL WITH THE
AUGSBURG TOWN-
MARK: ONE OF A
PAIR.



SOUTH GERMAN BLACK-AND-WHITE ARMOUR OF
ABOUT 1580: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE WITH BRIGHT
STEEL BANDS ON A BLACK BACKGROUND.



GERMAN HORSE
ARMOUR OF
ABOUT 1620:
A CHANFRON OF
UNUSUAL SIZE,
WITH THE EAGLE
OF THE HOLY
ROMAN EMPIRE
ETCHED ON
THE SHIELD IN
FRONT—A FINE
PIECE FROM A
RUSSIAN PRINCE'S
ARMOURY.



AN EXTREMELY RARE ENGLISH SALLET DATING FROM THE WARS OF
THE ROSES, AND PRESERVED IN A CHURCH AS A FUNERAL HELM:
THE MODEL USED FOR THE ST. GEORGE ON THE CAVALRY MEMORIAL.

The treasures of the Victoria and Albert Museum have lately been enriched by a splendid collection of old arms and armour bequeathed to the nation by the late Major Victor Farquharson, F.S.A. An official description of the bequest says: "Major Farquharson had a European reputation as an expert on the subject of firearms, and, as might be expected, the most important part of his collection is a notable series of guns and pistols, many of them magnificently decorated, showing the development of the gunsmith's art from the time of the matchlock until the early part of the nineteenth century. The armour in the collection includes several

late sixteenth century suits and many smaller pieces, of which the most important is that very rare thing, an English sallet, complete with visor, of about 1460. This helmet probably owes its survival to having been preserved in a church as a funeral helm. It is also of interest as having been the model for that of the figure of St. George on the Cavalry Memorial in Hyde Park. A series of spurs shows various types, from the plain prick-spur of Norman times to the highly decorated spur used by the Cavaliers during the Civil War period. There are also some interesting examples of saddle-steels, bits, and horse-armour."

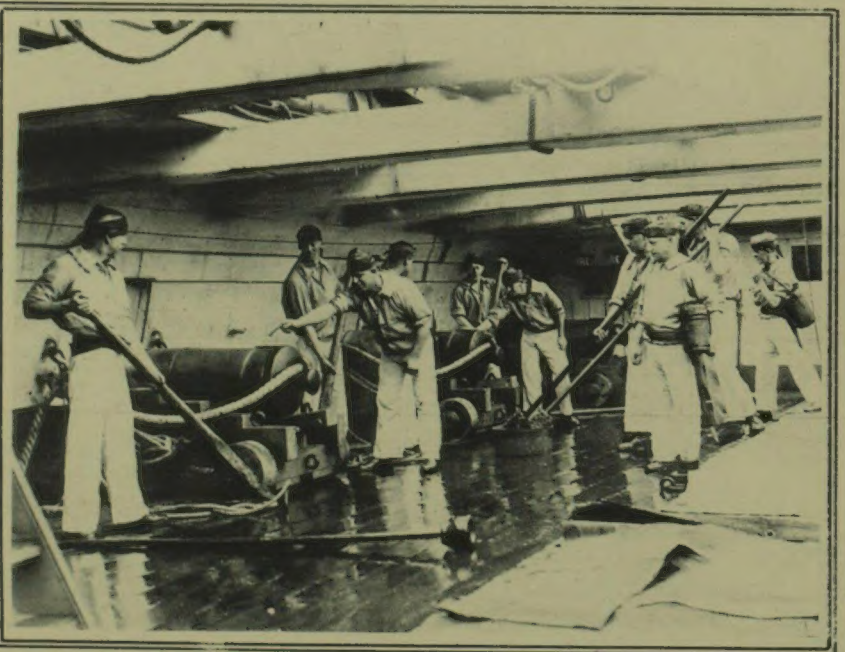
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



CELEBRATING THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF GERMANY'S ADOPTION OF A REPUBLIC:
GUARDS ON THE MARCH IN BERLIN.



THE INTER-CELTIC FESTIVAL AT RIEC-SUR-BÉLON: THE HOLDING OF THE GORSEDD
OF CAMBRIA AND ARMORICA—THE FIRST REVIVAL SINCE THE WAR.



"NAVY WEEK" AT PORTSMOUTH—FOR THE BENEFIT OF NAVAL CHARITIES:
SAILORS AS GUN-CREWS OF NELSON'S DAY ABOARD THE "VICTORY."

The Constitution of the German Republic was adopted on July 31, 1919, by the National Assembly at Weimar; and it was promulgated on the following August 11. The eighth anniversary of this adoption was observed on August 11 last, in accordance with precedent. The usual oration was given in the Reichstag, where Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, the President, attended. More Republican flags than usual were flown in Berlin, and, for the first time, the prohibition upon open-air demonstrations within the central area of the city was raised, in order that there might be a Republican torch-light procession to the Reichstag.—The Inter-Celtic Festival was held in Brittany on August 13 and 14, under the chairmanship of the Arch Druid, assisted by the Great Druid of Armorica. The first Inter-



CELEBRATING THE EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, WHICH WAS
PROMULGATED ON AUGUST 11, 1919: THE GREAT GATHERING ON THE AUGUSTUS-
PLATZ, LEIPZIG.



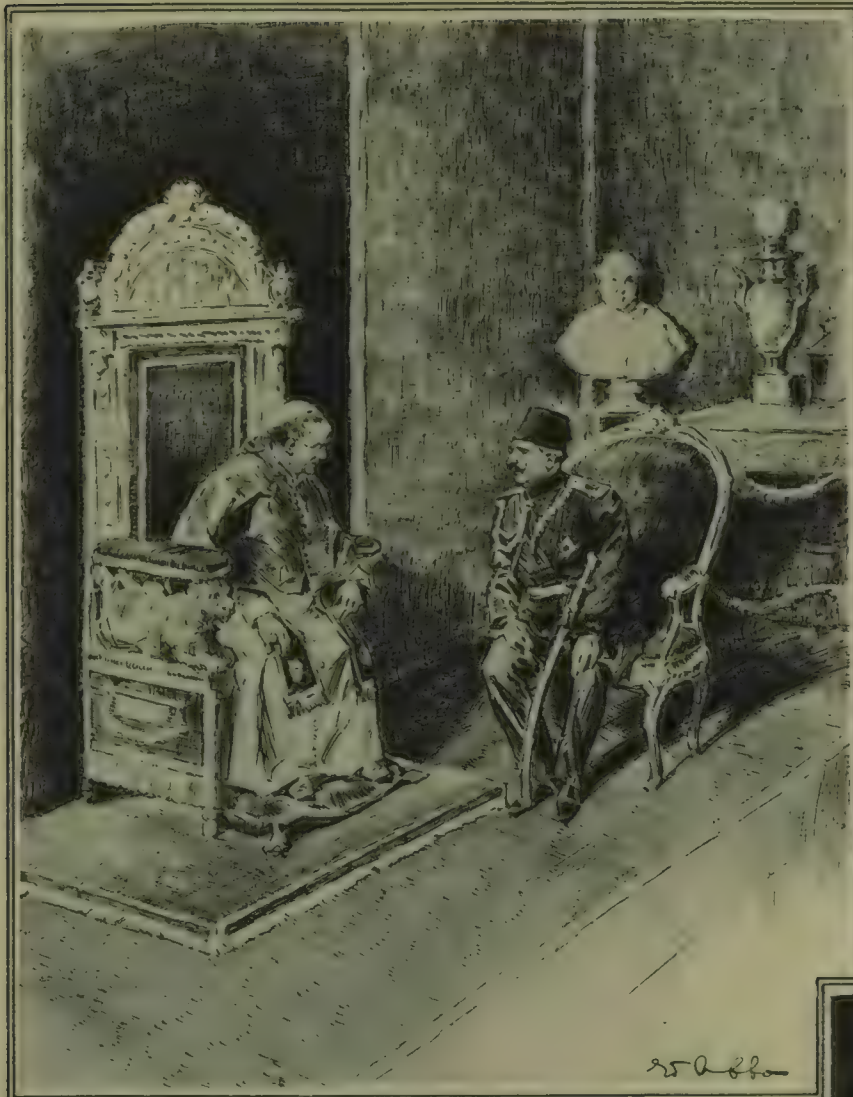
HONOURING THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM BLAKE BESIDE HIS PAUPER'S GRAVE
IN BUNHILL FIELDS: AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TOMBSTONE ON THE OCCASION
OF THE CENTENARY OF THE POET'S DEATH.



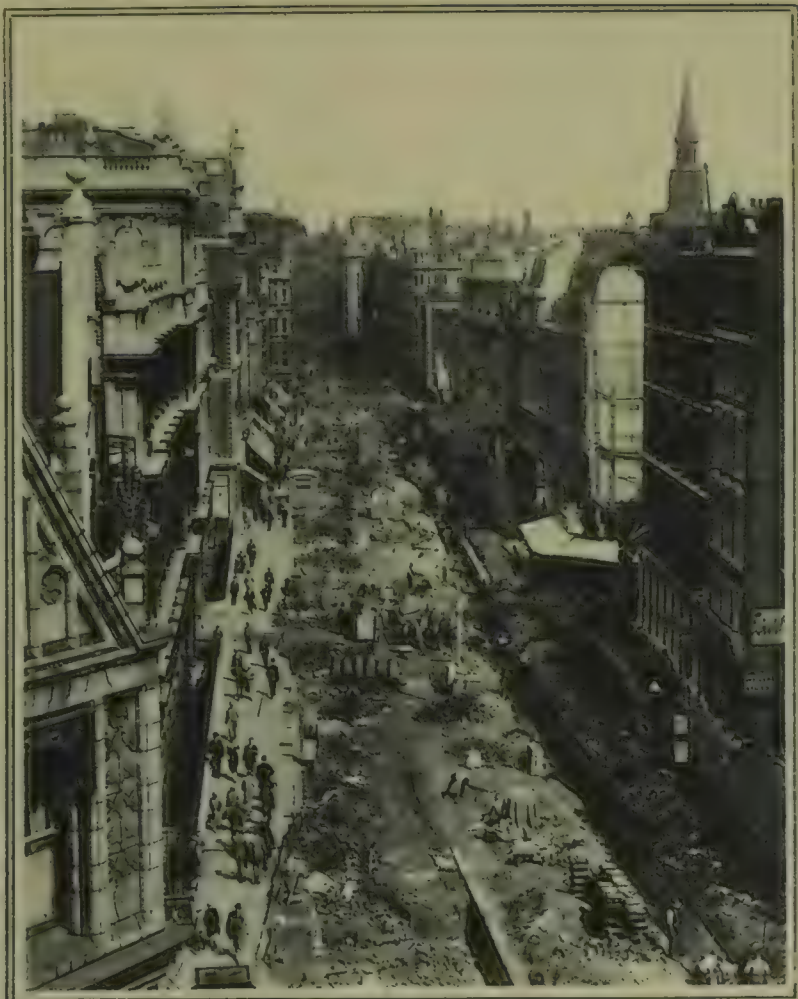
AS IN NELSON'S DAY: A BOARDING-PARTY GOING ABOARD NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP,
THE "VICTORY," DURING NAVAL WEEK AT PORTSMOUTH.

Celtic Meeting of modern times was held at Abergavenny in 1838, when Lamartine was the delegate of Louis-Philippe.—"Navy Week" at Portsmouth began on August 15, and, for the first time, the general public were able to inspect a group of warships in the harbour, and, incidentally, assist Naval charities. Aboard the "Victory" sailors in the dress of Nelson's day acted as guides, and gave demonstrations. Contrast was afforded by the "Iron Duke," most of which could be viewed.—The remains of William Blake, mystic, poet, painter and engraver, and those of his wife, lie in a pauper's grave in Bunhill Fields, Finsbury. On the centenary of his death, a tombstone was unveiled, and Mr. Thomas Wright, secretary of the Blake Society, gave an address, as shown in our photograph.

NEWS IN PICTURES: NOTABLE HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE FIRST NON-CHRISTIAN REIGNING SOVEREIGN OFFICIALLY RECEIVED BY THE POPE: THE KING OF EGYPT WITH PIUS XI.—A DRAWING MADE ON THE SPOT BY EDMONDO ABBO.



STREET WORK THAT WILL SEND 'BUSES DOWN CONSTITUTION HILL AND ALONG THE MALL: THE RE-PAVING OF PICCADILLY—A VIEW TOWARDS PICCADILLY CIRCUS FROM NEAR BURLINGTON HOUSE.



A MEMORIAL TO BE UNVEILED SHORTLY ON ZEEBRUGGE MOLE: THE TABLET COMMEMORATING THE EXPLOIT OF SUBMARINE "C3" ON APRIL 23, 1918.

King Fuad's interview with Pius XI., on August 7, was the first occasion on which a non-Christian reigning sovereign has paid an official visit to the Pope. Special ceremonial was arranged.—The re-paving of Piccadilly has caused much dislocation of London street traffic. The next section of the work involves the closing of Bond Street and St. James's Street to through traffic, and the unusual spectacle of 'buses on Constitution Hill and along the Mall.—A memorial tablet is to be unveiled on Zeebrugge Mole, on Sunday, August 21, commemorating the exploit of Submarine "C3" in the famous night raid of



A BOMB OUTRAGE IN NEW YORK ASCRIBED TO SYMPATHISERS WITH SACCO AND VANZETTI (SINCE RESPITED): HAVOC CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION IN A SUBWAY STATION.

April 23, 1918. She was blown up under the timber jetty connecting the mole with the shore, to prevent enemy reinforcements reaching the Mole when the "Vindictive" attacked.—The bomb explosion in a New York subway station on August 6 blew solid masonry in all directions, and broke shop windows in the street above. Luckily, no train was in the station. This, and other outrages in the United States and elsewhere, were ascribed to sympathisers with the condemned convicts, Sacco and Vanzetti. On August 10, just before the time appointed for their execution, they were respited for further inquiry.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ORNITHOLOGICAL PUZZLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

IT is a source of great encouragement to know that this page gives pleasure to a large number of readers scattered far and wide over the world. But I often wonder whether I succeed in being something

on no more substantial foundation than tradition, for the common relationship of these very dissimilar forms is established on facts gleaned from the dissecting table and skeletons. These, unfortunately, are channels of information rarely explored by the field naturalist, or those who study skins.

The study of the living bird and of skins in museums is, unquestionably, of the utmost importance; but it ends in a *cul de sac*. And this because neither of these sources of information will serve to establish the inter-relationships between these several unlike types. Let those who may be inclined to doubt the validity of this contention look at the accompanying photographs. Would anyone, judging from their external appearance alone, suppose that these three—the pratincole, the seed-snipe, and the sheath-bill—were "plovers"?

The pratincole (Fig. 3), though extremely rare, is nevertheless a British bird. By the older naturalists, from the time of Linnaeus onwards, it was regarded as some sort of a swallow. And it really is not unlike a long-legged swallow:

clove-brown hue, paler below, making the bird very difficult to see when squatting on the ground.

The seed-snipe (*Thinocorys rumicivorus*) (Fig. 2) looks, surely, more like some large species of lark than a plover. There are several species, all South American, belonging to two different genera, but, nevertheless, they do not differ greatly in appearance. The species shown in this photograph ranges from Peru to Patagonia, frequenting hill country, and to the north of their range haunting even the higher Andes, living on the seeds of docks and other plants. Herein, again, they are unplover-like.

Chionis (Fig. 1), known also as "sheath-bill" and "kelp-pigeon," would have been another ornithological puzzle but for the evidence furnished by a study of its anatomy. It is common in the Straits of Magellan and South Georgia, and is replaced by a smaller species in Kerguelen Land and the Crozets. But both are white in colour, and have a curious horny plate projecting over the nostrils; hence they are also known as "sheath-bills." Their haunts are confined to the sea-shore, where they feed on mussels, crustacea, and even the eggs of other birds. On land their appearance, gait, and manner of courting is said to be



FIG. 1.—CHIONIS, OR "KELP-PIGEON" (ALSO CALLED SHEATH-BILL, FROM THE HORNY PLATE OVER THE NOSTRILS): A PIGEON-LIKE PLOVER FROM THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN AND SOUTH GEORGIA.

Chionis, the "Kelp-Pigeon," is white with a yellowish, black-tipped beak, and a bare face covered with whitish papillae, recalling the papillae which appear on the face of the Ruff in the breeding season. The beak is sufficiently strong to break up the shells of mussels. Though not web-footed, it will venture far out to sea, apparently to feed on floating marine organisms.

more than merely interesting. It saddens me to hear people say that they regard natural history as a delightful "hobby," just as some will tell you that they take up fret-work, or some other means of whiling away time—for that, I suppose, is the function of a "hobby."

The pursuit of natural history should mean much more than this, and, when it is not, the right perspective has not been caught. Where it is followed as a Bushman or an Australian black follows a "spoor"—with deep, unswerving pertinacity, till the quarry is tracked down—the hunt brings with it not merely a deep sense of satisfaction. It endows the pursuer with a greatly enlarged field of mental vision, and enables him to get a deeper grasp on the mysteries of life and its kaleidoscopic manifestations. His pursuit is no longer a "hobby." That is too trivial a term. It has become the one thing worth doing. He is able to see the world with new eyes, and with a mind more alert, more discerning, than if he had got no further than being merely "interested."

I know dozens of people who are "interested" in birds. Some are "aviculturists," some "field naturalists," some collect eggs. They can call by name most of the birds on the British list; and they have all of them gained a considerable amount of information as to these birds, but only of such sort as helps to circumvent them, so that they may possess themselves of their skins, or eggs. Having succeeded in distinguishing this bird from that, by a process very like ribbon-matching, they are content. It never occurs to them to ask whether the particular features which furnish these identification marks have any real meaning, or to try and divine the past history of any particular bird from its present appearance, or to trace out the probable causes, or factors, which have gone to the making of the different types of birds. They will tell you they haven't time for that. But it isn't lack of time, but of inclination and energy. Yet the very fact that they are "interested," up to a certain point, affords ground for belief that most of such people have latent powers of observation and concentration which they have never suspected.

Let me give this discourse a more practical turn. Most people will tell you that they know what a plover is, and will cite as an example the lapwing or the golden plover. The ornithologist will add to these examples birds so unlike, to the uninitiated, as the oyster-catcher and the dunlin, the snipe and wood-cock, and the gulls. But his wider view is based

its long wings, forked tail, and wide gape seem to justify that conclusion. Its mode of life would seem to be not inconsistent with this view, for it takes much of its food in mid-air, as do the swallows. The fact that the young, on hatching, run about like young plovers was unknown to Linnaeus and his contemporaries. Even to-day, without the evidence derived from a study of its skeleton and muscular and visceral anatomy, it would be impossible to determine its true relationship. The ancient Egyptians probably did not greatly concern themselves with matters of avian classification; but that it was a familiar species is shown by the fact that it appears on their monuments. The ordinary pratincole of Europe breeds in considerable numbers in many parts of Spain, along the valley of the Danube, and in Southern Russia. The general coloration is of a



FIG. 2.—THE SEED-SNIPE (*THINOCORYS RUMICIVORUS*): A SOUTH AMERICAN PLOVER THAT LOOKS MORE LIKE A LARK AND HAS UN-PLOVER-LIKE HABITS. The South American Seed-Snipe looks more like a skylark than a plover. In the matter of its diet it is also un-plover-like. The sexes in their coloration resemble one another. The general hue of this species is of a yellowish black, mottled with black, creamy white below. In the female the black markings on the throat are less developed.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith (Copyright).

curiously pigeon-like—a fact that is not without significance, since the plover tribe and the pigeons are generally regarded as derivatives of a common stock. What is more remarkable is the fact that they are also met with far out at sea, whence, perchance, they wander in search of surface-feeding marine organisms.

Darwin was one of the earliest naturalists to see this bird in its wild state. Nothing was then known of its affinities, but, with his characteristic insight, he remarked, "This small family of birds . . . although at present offering only difficulties to the systematic naturalist, ultimately may assist in revealing the grand scheme, common to the present and past ages, on which organised beings have been created."

Exactly so. That is the whole burden of this essay. These three birds show, in a peculiarly convincing way, the futility of half-measures in the study of natural history. We must leave no stone unturned if we would penetrate the secrets of Nature. These three types must be regarded as standing at the parting of the ways in the evolution of the more typical plovers. I cannot push this argument home so that he who runs may read, for in the first place it would necessitate the introduction of very technical anatomical details, and in the second it would require vastly more space than is mine on this page. Yet I trust I have said enough to show that the more we learn of the mysteries of life, as manifested in the "beasts that perish," the more we shall understand ourselves.



FIG. 3.—THE PRATINCOLE: A BIRD FORMERLY CLASSED AS A SWALLOW, BUT SINCE PROVED, BY ANATOMY, TO BE RELATED TO THE PLOVERS.

By the older ornithologists the Pratincole was regarded as a long-legged kind of swallow, on account of its long wings, forked tail, and wide gape. The downy chicks, which were unknown to them, agree in all essentials with the young of plovers. But it was not until their anatomy was investigated that their true relationship to the plover was established.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith (Copyright).

NEW GIANTS OF THE NAVY PUT TO SEA: SISTER BATTLESHIPS.



ONE OF THE TWO MOST POWERFUL BATTLESHIPS IN THE WORLD: H.M.S. "RODNEY" LEAVING THE MERSEY, IN CHARGE OF A FLOTILLA OF TUGS, FOR PORTSMOUTH, WATCHED BY CROWDS OF SPECTATORS ASHORE—A STARBOARD VIEW OF THE SHIP.



THE NEW FLAG-SHIP OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET: H.M.S. "NELSON," A SISTER SHIP OF THE "RODNEY," LEAVING THE TYNE FOR PORTSMOUTH—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PORT SIDE AND DECK, SHOWING THE TRIPLE TURRETS OF 16-INCH GUNS.

The two new giants of the British Navy—the great sister battle-ships "Nelson" and "Rodney"—both recently left their respective places of origin for Portsmouth, within a few days of each other. The "Nelson," which was built at the Walker naval yard of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., and launched in September 1925, left the Tyne on August 10. Her progress down the river was greeted with cheering from crowds assembled along the banks, and on the piers at Shields and Tynemouth. She is to be the flag-ship of the Atlantic Fleet. On August 13 the "Rodney" left the Mersey, where she was built at the Birkenhead yard of Messrs. Cammell Laird and Co., and was

launched, on December 17, 1925, by Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles. Like the "Nelson," the "Rodney" has a displacement of 35,000 tons, and cost £7,000,000. On her voyage to Portsmouth the "Rodney" was manned by a crew of 850, but the full complement is 1200. She is 702 feet long, and has thick armour against aircraft, with a bomb-proof deck under the water-line, and is designed to resist the simultaneous explosion of four torpedoes. Each of the three forward turrets in the two new battleships carries three 16-inch guns. The new "Rodney" is the fifth ship of the Navy to bear that name. The first was a 16-gun frigate.

HOUSES OF ANTIQUITY.

DOMESTIC LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT, GREECE AND ROME.

By A. FORESTIER. (See his Reconstruction Paintings given in colour on our Supplement pages.)

An Egyptian Banquet in the Fourteenth Century B.C.

Here we see how a gentleman of ancient Egypt received his guests on festive occasions. In Egypt, as in the East, the heat and light of the day are the enemies one has to guard against. The Egyptians knew how to build their houses so as to keep their reception-rooms in comparative coolness and in



AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN BANQUET: A KEY TO THE COLOUR PICTURE ON PAGE I.

The numbers indicate: (1) Ablution platform. Slave pouring water on feet of late-comer. (2) Ewer and basin on table. (3) Doors leading (4) to inner rooms; (B and C) to west loggia; (D) to north loggia. (4) Dining table and guests, each with lump of ointment on head. Gentleman holding cup of wine. Lady putting meat to her mouth from platter on her knees, while slave girl adjusts garland on her head. Lady opposite plays with tame gazelle. Fan-bearers and slave-girl with tray. (5) Slave bearing food brought from kitchen outside in dish contained in a conical wicker basket, as still used in North Africa. (6) Cook (with fan) roasting goose over charcoal fire in movable copper brazier. (7) Slave sweeping up pieces of charcoal. (8) Wine attendant filling wine-cups held by cup-bearer. Wine-jars by the wall decorated with lotus flowers. (9) Woman servant filling vase with ointment from a bowl. (10) Accessories on carpeted stone divan. Pots and vases of perfume. Table supporting bowl of figs covered with lotus blooms; harps, and sandals. (11) Small windows close to the ceiling on opposite sides of room.

subdued light, by having the windows made as small openings close to the ceiling. Any current of air passed freely across the room.

The host and his wife received their guests with some ceremony in the entrance lobby. The ladies were decked with coronets of lotus flowers, a large bloom was affixed to their head-dress, and a dome-like lump of perfumed ointment was placed on the top of everyone's head, whence it trickled down gradually as it melted.

After discarding their sandals on arrival, the guests, before sitting down to the feast, stood on the ablution platform while a slave poured water on their feet from a large pot to remove the dust of the journey. Water was also poured from an ewer on their hands, held over a basin.

Then they all sat down at the table between the lofty red columns raising their palm-leaf capitals to the blue ceiling, often decorated with stars. A frieze of lotus flowers and semicircular ornaments, painted at regular intervals on the white walls, afforded all the decoration besides the yellow door-frames covered with inscriptions and surmounted by a typical Egyptian cornice painted with bars of red and green. These doorways gave access to the living apartments, and also to the outside loggias to the north and west, where the family would gather about sunset in the cool of the evening. There was also a shallow recess, framed in crimson, where a portrait of the Pharaoh, with inscriptions, was painted on a yellow ground.

The table was covered with loaves and fruit, meats, roasted fowls (chiefly geese), boiled vegetables, lentils, etc. The company sat on beautiful high-backed chairs, richly upholstered, or on stools. They helped themselves to the dishes, using their fingers, after the Eastern fashion. Meats were brought from the kitchen outside, but a movable copper brazier was placed on the floor between two of the columns, and a cook actually roasted fowls, set on a spit, while the meal was going on. The wine was poured out of amphoræ, decked with a collar of lotus flowers, into flagons, and from these the cups were filled by the cup-bearers.

In the foreground of the picture, a stone platform (*mastaba*), covered with carpets, faces the one for ablutions at the other end of the room. A woman servant is seen

filling a small vase from a large bowl of ointment. A harp will be used presently when dancers and musicians make their appearance, after the unneeded articles—tables, bowls of figs, pots of perfume, sandals, and extra carpet—have been removed. A slave with his broom sweeps up the bits of charcoal dropped from the cook's straw bag, and a pet gazelle is making friends with a lady guest.

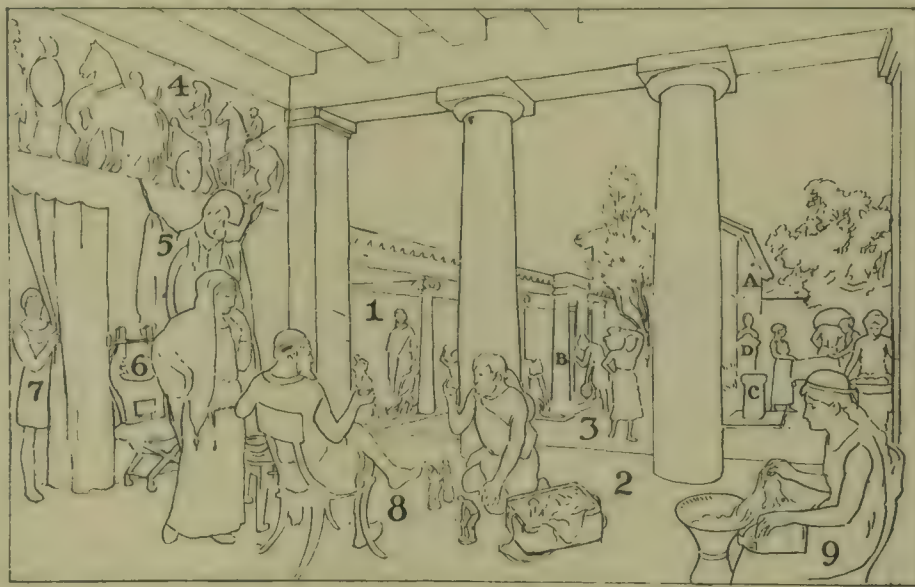
The picture is based, architecturally, on Mr. C. Leonard Woolley's description (in *The Illustrated London News* of Dec. 16, 1922), of the house of Nekht, Vizier to Akhenaten, the Heretic Pharaoh, father-in-law of Tutankhamen, and on a coloured drawing of it, by Mr. G. Newton, in the same number. The house was excavated at Tell-el-Amarna.

The Ancient Greek House.

Imagine yourself a visitor arriving at the door of a house in Ancient Greece. You give a knock with your staff, calling out loudly the name of the owner, and the janitor admits you into a vestibule continued by a covered peristyle supported by three slender Ionic columns. On your left is a courtyard with a small altar of Zeus in the middle.

Nearest to you is a stone well structure above a cistern. Further on a bust of a god, Hermes, rests on a pedestal, and a good-sized fig-tree shelters the slaves bent on divers occupations. There the bakery and other offices and store-houses open their doors along the wall facing the peristyle.

At the other end of the court, the master's house raises its frontage. An open portico with a pair of imposing



THE LIFE AT AN ANCIENT GREEK HOUSE: A KEY TO THE COLOUR PICTURE ON PAGES II. AND III.

The numbers indicate: (1) Vestibule and portico leading from street to dwelling-house, with visitor advancing and children at play. (2) Portico. (3) Courtyard showing (4) Guest house; (B) Well and washing basin; (C) Altar of Zeus; (D) Statue of protecting god. Man and women slaves at work. (4) Fresco of classical subject. (5) Trophy of arms. (6) Kithara. (7) Slave announcing visitor. (8) Master and Mistress bargaining with itinerant seller of Tanagra figures. (9) Girl slave preparing wool on the "epinetron."

Doric columns supports the first floor of the house, which contains the women's apartments. The ground floor was reserved for the master. It was the men's quarters. There he received his friends. The portico was, in fact, a fairly large ante-room, decorated sometimes with frescoes, when the master was a man of large means, trophies of arms, and works of art. This ante-room was the favourite meeting-place of the family. In summer, curtains drawn between the columns tempered the heat.

There the master transacted business during the rare moments he spent at home. For the Greeks lived a great deal out of doors. They were so much engrossed by politics discussions at the agora, and religious festivities at the temple, that they seldom were in the house.

While the visitor makes the foregoing observations, the young slave returns, takes you along the peristyle, raises an embroidered curtain, and announces you. As you are an old friend of the family, the lady of the house (who at the time of your visit is, in company with her husband, engaged in bargaining with an itinerant seller for the purchase of some Tanagra figures), does not retire, and you quietly watch the scene until the coming of another visitor will probably cause the lady's withdrawal.

The house we here describe is one of a rich citizen. It follows the plan of a house discovered at Priene, a town of Ionia (west coast of Asia Minor), and would hardly have been found in the ancient Greek cities, too exiguous for such a spacious dwelling. The present one corresponds in style and size with those of the time of Pericles and of the century that followed it, when Athens was rebuilt after its destruction by the Persian invaders (480-479 B.C.). The well structure over the cistern is taken from one discovered at Delos. It does not figure in the Priene house.

The Ancient Roman House.

The excavations of Pompeii have placed us in possession of irrefutable documents regarding the Roman houses at the beginning of the Christian era. The house represented is a reconstruction of one of those houses. In 1895 I had the opportunity of seeing this house in course of being cleared of the shroud of ashes under which it had lain since the catastrophe that destroyed the city (A.D. 79). This is the house of the Vettii. There are some larger ones, but none so well preserved.

The colour picture is that of the main room of such a house, the atrium. "Atrium" means hearth, from "ater," black. The name refers to the time when the roof beams were blackened by the smoke and soot from the hearth and when there was no opening in the roof.

The Etruscans improved it by making an opening in the roof, which was so constructed that not only air and light were admitted, but that rain-water collected on its four slopes, ran down a gutter and through terra-cotta gargoyles into a basin in the centre of the room, and was used for domestic purposes.

In its civilised garb, decorated with bright colours, it hardly resembles the rude dwellings of old, but the essential parts of the house are there. The basin in the middle of the floor, square or rectangular, was called the *impluvium*, the square opening in the roof the *compluvium*.

On the edge of the *impluvium* a statuette, generally a Cupid, serves as a fountain; it stands on a marble pedestal, which originally was the hearth or altar, where sacrifices

were offered to the *Lares domestici*, or domestic tutelary gods. In those days the inhabitants slept and ate in the atrium. At the back of the fountain, a marble table, the *cartibulum*, was used for placing the food when meals were taken in the atrium. Near it was the hearth. The meats were quartered on the table, and cooked on the hearth.

Time, and the influence of Greek culture, brought about changes. The *cartibulum* became an ornamental feature, a stand for works of art (as we see it in our picture, [Continued on page 322.]



THE HALL OF A ROMAN VILLA: A KEY TO THE COLOUR PICTURE ON PAGE IV.

The numbers indicate: (1) Atrium (hall). (2) Impluvium (basin for rain-water). (3) Compluvium (roof aperture for rain-water). (4) Tablinum (the master's study). (5) Doorway to Triclinium (dining-room). (6) Small Atrium. (7) Peristylum (colonnade of courtyard). (8) Viridarium (garden). (9) Lararium (shrine of domestic gods). (10) Cartibulum (stone table). (11) Strong box. (12) Prothyrum (vestibule from entrance door).

Houses of Antiquity: Domestic Life in Ancient Egypt.

RECONSTRUCTION PAINTING BY A. FORESTIER, BASED ON DISCOVERIES AT TELL-EL-AMARNA. (SEE KEY OUTLINE ON ANOTHER PAGE)



HOW A GENTLEMAN OF ANCIENT EGYPT ENTERTAINED HIS GUESTS: A BANQUET IN THE DAYS OF THE PHARAOHS.

We reproduce in this number three remarkable reconstruction paintings by Mr. A. Forestier, the well-known archaeological artist, illustrating the home life of the rich in ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. In his explanatory article on the above picture of an Egyptian banquet, given on another page, he mentions that it is based on a colour illustration by Mr. G. Newton that appeared in our issue of December 16, 1922, in connection with an article by Mr. C. Leonard Woolley describing the house of Nekht, Vizier to the Heretic Pharaoh Akhenaten, which had recently been excavated at Tell-el-Amarna. The details of the room and its accessories are therefore historically accurate, but Mr. Forestier has infused

life into the scene by representing a banquet in progress. The costumes, furniture, utensils, and so on are derived from Egyptian art, as found in Tutankhamen's tomb and elsewhere, and the various objects are shown in actual use by the host and hostess, their guests, and their attendant slaves. The woman in the left foreground is filling a vase with perfumed ointment from a bowl, and a lump of such ointment, together with a garland, is seen on the head of each diner. In the centre foreground a cook is roasting a goose over a brazier. In the centre background a slave is pouring water over the feet of a newly arrived guest. A key to the whole picture appears on another page in this number.

Houses of Antiquity: Domestic Life in Ancient Greece—a Deal with an Itinerant Vendor.

FROM A PICTURE BY FORESTIER, EN. V. FORESTIER, BASED ON THE PLAN OF AN IONIAN HOUSE DISCOVERED AT PRIENE. (SEE KEY OUTLINE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



BARGAINING WITH A SELLER OF TANAGRA FIGURES: THE MASTER AND MISTRESS IN THE PORTICO OF THEIR HOUSE, WITH SLAVES AT WORK AND ONE ANNOUNCING A GUEST.

This charming picture of an ancient Greek domestic scene may be taken as historically accurate, in view of Mr. Forestier's high reputation as a delineator of archaeological subjects. In his article on another page explaining the details of the picture, he says that it follows the plan of a Greek house discovered at Priene, a town of ancient Ionia, on the coast of Asia Minor, and is perhaps more spacious than those in the older cities of Greece itself. It corresponds in style and size, however, with Attic houses of the time of Pericles and the subsequent century, when Athens was re-built after its destruction by the

Persians (480-479 B.C.). The new houses then built always had a courtyard with a peristyle on two sides, as represented here. The well seen in the centre background is derived from one found at Delos. A slave girl (right foreground) is at work on an *epitripton*, rubbing wool before placing it on the distaff. Behind the lady (left) is a trophy of arms against the wall, and above it is a fresco. In the right background is the guest-house, with a bust of Hermes on a pedestal, and (nearer) an altar to Zeus. A key to details of the picture is given elsewhere in this number.

Houses of Antiquity: Domestic Life of the Ancient Romans.

RECONSTRUCTION PAINTING BY A. FORESTIER, BASED ON THE HOUSE OF THE VETTII AT POMPEII. (SEE KEY OUTLINE ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



IN THE ATRIUM OF A ROMAN VILLA: THE LADY OF THE HOUSE RETURNING FROM THE BATHS.

The ruins of Pompeii have yielded very complete details regarding Roman houses in the first century. The one here represented is known as the House of the Vettii, and, as Mr. Forestier notes in his explanatory article on another page, he himself saw it being excavated. "The subject illustrated," he writes, "is that of the lady of the house returning home after a visit to the Baths. A girl slave near the door bows to her mistress as she advances and makes the gesture

of worship due to the household gods of the *Lararium* (left foreground). The lady is dressed in a blue *stola* covered by the *palla*." A notable feature of the *atrium* (hall) is the square hole in the roof to let rain-water into the stone pool below. In the left background the master of the house is seen talking to guests in his "study," and on the extreme left is a glimpse of the garden court. A complete key to the details of the picture appears on another page.

HOLIDAY PHILOSOPHY.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

EVERYONE is taking a holiday just now; but it is curious to see how much occupied modern men are when they have nothing to do! I remember reading in the *Figaro* many years ago, before the war, a very fine article on this subject. It was by Abel Bonnard, and that delicate poet defined holidays as the time of year in which we should "live for ourselves." It would be impossible better to define *otium*, as the ancients understood it. Of old, *otium* meant the possibility for a man to escape from the constraint of the active duties imposed upon him by society, and to enjoy without preoccupations, with complete freedom of spirit, his favourite pleasure: hunting, reading, country life, philosophical discussions, idleness, solitude, and so on, and so on. In his active life man belonged to others; in *otium* to himself.

Otium, like so many other states of mind belonging to the old qualitative civilisations, has almost disappeared from our habits of life. It becomes increasingly difficult for rich or poor to live for themselves. Every day our civilisation tends increasingly to restrain liberty of personal taste and choice in amusements. There are a considerable number of pleasures and distractions which are accessible to the majority of people, because they are organised for the masses; but, apart from these organised pleasures and distractions, individual taste can hardly find anything. The time and place of these pleasures are also fixed. Personal initiative is reduced to choosing between these distractions and the places in which they may be sought. Once that choice is made, one is only a drop of water in a torrent. It is no longer individuals, but crowds of human beings who amuse themselves feverishly, urged on by a desire, which is almost contagious, for rest and distraction after work. In an age which was born under the sign of liberty, amusement has become collective and forced.

Although our health may be rigidly cared for by scientific methods, it is difficult not to begin a holiday by a sojourn in a watering-place at which a mysterious genie has cleverly mingled costly distractions with the mysteries of modern thaumaturgy. Then the sea, the mountains, the lakes, the woods claim, each in their turn and at their special season, all those who have not the excuse of lack of means to enable them to remain in one place. How many days and nights have to be passed in the train! In fact, there is, it would seem, no place where modern man in search of repose can remain quiet, collect his thoughts, and seek himself. Wherever he goes to rest himself, he must see everything: things which interest him and those which do not.

Then there is sport. Its various forms increase every day, as does the fashion and inclination for it. It has become part of our existence and one of our sacred duties. Everyone dedicates a part of his time to at least one of its forms, even during the period when he is actually at work. During the holidays we belong almost entirely, heart and soul, to its duties. Nearly half the earth becomes a field for sport during certain months, those who are not taking an active part becoming spectators. What matches and meetings and competitions and Olympian gatherings take place during those months! Those spectacles are often quite innocent, notwithstanding the hundreds of thousands of men and women who crowd to see them, just as in

ancient days the Roman populace flocked to the gladiatorial shows, or the *venationes*.

Thus a great part of the holidays is passed in perpetual motion, away from home, on the great high roads of the world, in the midst of strangers, always struggling with the calendar, counting the days, the hours, the minutes which can be dedicated to each of our pleasures. At last the moment arrives when, the holidays over, we consider returning to town, to our methodical work, our home, our friends, and our habitual occupations as delicious, well-merited rest. Work attracts us; it is repose from rest. Every age has its own conception and way of seeking happiness, and it is indeed useless to discuss it. That of our day is so original, men seem in general so satisfied with it, that one dare not insist too much on its contradictions, which are sufficiently self-evident. It will be more interesting to ask ourselves whence these contradictions arise. There is no doubt about the answer: they spring from a

that capital is to return a profit, and if those millions of men are to earn their daily bread, it is necessary that an increasing number of persons shall consent daily to amuse themselves together. The more men desire to amuse themselves, the more money will be made by those industries.

Consequently, they have set themselves everywhere to excite a desire for amusement, with all the energy and cleverness of which all industries have shown themselves capable during the last century, in order to urge people to consume their several products. It is no exaggeration to say that we are the predestined trophies of a frantic struggle which the various modes of pleasure engage in every day for the conquest of our money and time. On all sides the actual minutes of a man's existence are fought for with the idea of making him happy.

Has the world, then, become a paradise of sensual delights? Are we, then, the happiest of all generations, that which has the greatest facilities for enjoying a large number of pleasures? Yes and no. If it be true that recreation is one of human nature's needs, it must not be concluded that man possesses an unlimited capacity for enjoyment.

Asceticism would not have occupied so large a place in the history of the world if it did not express, quite as much as its opposite, sybaritism, a profound tendency of human nature. A certain expenditure of nervous force is necessary even for amusement. Pleasure, too, demands an effort, even if the effort is generally more agreeable than that required for work. And man is not by nature so much inclined towards activity as always to prefer the effort of pleasure to repose and abstinence.

In short, the industry of amusement has become the foe of simplicity and solitude, and of sedentary pleasures, which are individual and not costly; of all forms of asceticism, of sleep, and of God. Do not be surprised to see God and sleep coupled together among the victims of the fierce struggle which the different forms of pleasure are carrying on among themselves for the conquest of the world. How do we find time to work so hard and to amuse ourselves



MAIL DELIVERY BY AEROPLANE FROM A SHIP IN MID-OCEAN: MR. CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN, THE ATLANTIC AIRMAN, PREPARING HIS MACHINE TO TAKE OFF FROM A RUNWAY ABOARD THE "LEVIATHAN."

Mr. Clarence Chamberlin, who not long ago flew the Atlantic, made an interesting experimental flight the other day, to test the practicability of hastening the delivery of ocean-borne mails to the United States, by taking them ashore from a liner by air. He took off in his biplane from a sand-strewn runway constructed on the boat-deck of the "Leviathan," the flagship of the United States Lines, when she was about 150 miles off New York on the westward voyage from Europe. Although the weather conditions were not satisfactory, Mr. Chamberlin made a successful flight to Curtiss Field, Long Island. He considers it feasible to carry mails by air to and from vessels within 200 miles of port.

social transformation, the psychological importance of which is immense.

Holidays are only the intensification at certain moments of human nature's permanent need for recreation. It would be impossible for even the humblest of men to live in the eternal monotony of work necessary for feeding himself. But, until a hundred years ago, amusements were either a personal matter or a public service. Every individual, when he wished to rest from work, sought those distractions which pleased him most, and which he was able to allow himself, either alone or with a few friends. The State or the Church from time to time organised fêtes for the masses. To-day the individual and the State have been deposed; amusement has become an industry, a great industry which, like all the industries of our day, needs the patronage of the masses.

This transformation has taken place so slowly that the world has hardly noticed it. But how great have its consequences been! Entertainments have been multiplied and vulgarised. Even the pleasures which in old days were the privilege of the *élite* and the rich, such as travelling and the theatre, are now within everyone's reach. There are cinemas even in the villages to-day, and consequently actors who play there in effigy before millions of men. But enormous capital has had to be invested, and millions have had to learn to work in the industries which provide for all social classes the amusements which they prefer. If

in so many different ways? Because the prodigious development of artificial light, gas, oil, and electricity has allowed us to annex a part of the night to the domains of the day and of activity. Our epoch has not only conquered the earth; it has lengthened time by reducing the hours of sleep to the advantage of work and amusement. It is true that the hygienists complain; they warn us that we sleep too little, and that insufficient sleep is one of the gravest causes of that weakening of nervous power from which everyone is suffering more or less. But, whether they be right or wrong, the world continues to steal as much as it can from the time destined for sleep and the renovation of strength, so that it may live the more. And, while working more and amusing ourselves more, we think less of the great problem—whence we came and whither we are going. Work and sport are far more responsible for the religious apathy of our day than Voltaire, philosophic atheism, and the indiscreet curiosities of science. Religious faith requires to be continually nourished. To feel God everywhere, and to love Him with intensity, one must think of Him continually. That is why all the great religions have daily reminded their votaries of the fundamental beliefs by rites, ceremonies, festivals, discourses, lectures, and observances. But such intensive religious education has become almost impossible in an age when men are absorbed from morning to night in so many different occupations and preoccupations. The most pious believers only give to

(Continued on page 318.)



THE MOBILITY OF HEAVY COAST-DEFENCE ORDNANCE: A RAIL-MOUNTED 14-IN. GUN, WHICH THROWS A 1560-LB. PROJECTILE 45,000 YARDS.

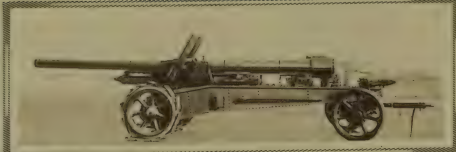


A NEW 3-IN. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN: AN IMPROVED TYPE FIRING TWENTY-SEVEN AIMED SHOTS A MINUTE TO A HEIGHT OF 25,000 FT. WITH A RANGE OF SIX MILES.

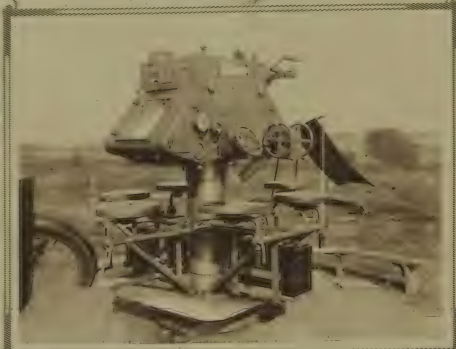


THE NEW 4.7-IN. GUN: A PIECE WITH A RANGE (AT MAXIMUM ELEVATION) OF 20,000 YARDS, AND TRAVERSE OF 60 DEGREES (AS AGAINST 14,000 YARDS AND 8 DEGREES OF THE WAR-TIME TYPE).

In a recent number of the "Scientific American," to which we are indebted for the above photographs, Mr. J. Bernard Walker describes the immense increase in the efficiency of the United States Army artillery since the war, due to the combined work of ordnance officers, chemists and mathematicians on the great testing ground at Aberdeen, Maryland, on the shores of Chesapeake Bay. "The resulting post-war artillery," he writes, "constitutes one of the greatest triumphs in the whole modern field of mechanical engineering. . . . The vast increase in the area which can be covered by a single gun has rendered the modern piece an enormously more potent weapon than the type which was used in the world war. . . . The anti-aircraft 3-in. gun is a vastly more effective piece than that of 1916. . . . Not only has the rate of fire of the anti-aircraft machine-gun been increased, but as many as four machine-guns are being placed on a new multiple mount, which means that if each gun is capable of, say, 500 shots per minute, the man at the trigger can deliver a stream of 2000 shots per



AN 8-IN. HOWITZER ON A NEW MOUNT: A PIECE THAT THROWS A 200-LB. SHELL 18,700 YARDS, AS AGAINST THE WAR-TIME HOWITZER'S RANGE OF 12,600 YARDS.



THE NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE-DIRECTOR: A MACHINE THAT AUTOMATICALLY DETERMINES THE HEIGHT, RANGE AND SPEED OF ENEMY AEROPLANES, AND TRANSMITS THESE DATA TO THE BATTERY.



THE NEW MULTIPLE MOUNT OF FOUR .50 CALIBRE MACHINE-GUNS: A DEVICE THAT IS CAPABLE OF DELIVERING A STREAM OF 2000 SHOTS PER MINUTE AGAINST AN AEROPLANE.



A GIANT THAT DWARFS ITS PIGMY MAKERS: AN IMPRESSIVE VIEW IN AN ORDNANCE FACTORY OF AN ENORMOUS 16-IN. GUN—THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPON IN THE UNITED STATES TO-DAY.



THE GIANT IN "ACTION": THE FIRING OF AN AMERICAN 16-IN. GUN, WHOSE 2340-LB. PROJECTILE IS HURLED MORE THAN 55,000 YARDS, AND CAN PENETRATE 14 INCHES OF FACE-HARDENED ARMOUR AT ANY DISTANCE WITHIN THAT RANGE—A TYPE OF GUN THAT WILL PLAY A GREAT PART IN FUTURE COAST DEFENCE.

SUPER-GUNS FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY: REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS IN AMERICAN ARTILLERY.

"GUNS too heavy for transportation by tractor (to quote the article mentioned below) are carried upon what are known as railway mounts. The latest models can transport both the 14-in. .50 calibre gun, and the 16-in. high-angle-fire howitzer. The 14-in. gun can hurl a 1560-lb. shell for 45,000 yards. These railroad mounts have given our heavy artillery a wonderful mobility. The 14-in. gun (here shown) was transported by rail from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. The heavy, long-range gun, on railway mount, will undoubtedly play a great part in future coast defence. Its potentialities were shown in the Turkish defence of the Dardanelles, where heavy pieces, shifting continually from place to place, proved very baffling to the attacking ships of the Allies. . . . The most powerful gun in the country (i.e., the United States) to-day is the 16-in. .50 calibre gun, which can hurl a 2340-lb. projectile over 55,000 yards. . . . Its armour-piercing shell will penetrate fourteen inches of armour."

minute against an aeroplane. The new 'director' (here illustrated) makes it possible for the officer who operates it to determine the speed of an airplane, its elevation, changes of course, etc., and send these data by connecting cables to every gun of a battery. Carried upon the gun-mount are electric motors which, in response to the electrical impulses from the tractor, give the gun changes of elevation and traverse necessary to ensure that shell and airplane will meet at a predetermined position in the heavens. The vertical range of the 3-in., and of a new 4-in. gun of high velocity is such that no existing airplane can rise beyond its reach—all of which means that the airman of the future is going to have a pretty hot time of it when he passes over the *terrain* occupied by the forces of the enemy." The writer's account of the new American heavy artillery is quoted above. With regard to the 16-in. type, it may be recalled that guns of that calibre are mounted in the new British battleships, "Nelson" and "Rodney," illustrated in this number.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ABOUT STRINDBERG'S "FATHER"—AND THE AUTHOR.

NOW that Strindberg's famous—and notorious—play, "The Father," has, at the Everyman, rewarded the pluck of Messrs. Milton Rosmer and Malcolm Morley, and proved an artistic success as well as a material one, it is interesting to recall the vicissitudes that marred its production in London more than thirty years ago. Those were the days of the Independent Theatre and the Ibsen Movement. We had already flummoxed the natives with the unlicensed production of "Ghosts," followed by Zola's "Thérèse Raquin." We were looking out for a third bomb-shell, and advisers suggested either Bjornson's "Gauntlet" or Strindberg's "Father." Strindberg was in those days a totally unknown quantity in England, except in our small camp—the Archers, the Shaws, and the Walkleys. Abroad he was a name to conjure with. "The Father" was played in all the capitals; his subsequent book, "The Confessions of a Fool"—another attack on "woman the destroyer"—added fuel to the controversy.

Personally, I frankly own it, I hated "The Father," for I was then already a confirmed feminist, and to me Laura was an inhuman monster. I had seen it in German, and had shuddered at its ruthlessness, while admitting its dramatic, devastating power. But my personal feelings were of no account. If the *Intelligentsia* wanted "The Father," they should have it. William Archer (always a counsellor and friend, and, for all that, a severe critic, too) fairly shared my opinion as to the ethics of the play; but he, with me, had two misgivings: would the Censor pass it?—would our cherished actress, Mrs. Theodore Wright, consent to play the part of Laura? On the Continent generally a much older woman than the gifted Miss Dorothy Dix, who acts it at Everyman, was selected. Well, Mrs. Theodore Wright read the part, and she was literally aghast. It was entirely antagonistic to her character, that rendered her Mrs. Almy in "Ghosts" so pathetic, and the Mother Raquin an avenging goddess. She could be sublime in the tragic sense of the word; she could not be a termagant. Meanwhile I, with leaden shoes—as the Dutchman says—ventured into the lair of the Censor, for after the turmoil of "Ghosts," we should have risked the police court and heavy pains and penalties by producing again an unlicensed play. Besides, no theatre would have been available unless the Lord Chamberlain had granted his "fiat."

The Reader of Plays was the kind Mr. Piggott, a delightful old gentleman with a peculiar code of morals. When I once asked him how he could ban "Ghosts" when he allowed French companies to play the "riskiest" of Palais Royal farces, he said: "Because when plays are produced in French I look upon the theatre for the time being as French territory." Mr. Piggott asked for the regulation seven days to read "The Father." During that week I tried to cast it, hoping against hope. And what Archer had hinted at became true. I asked actress after actress to play Laura, and I received but one stereotyped reply: "I would not dare to tackle the part. They (the public) would howl the house down." So the seven days went by without getting forrader—I could neither get "The Father" nor the mother; and then, as a final blow, came a little chit from Stable Yard, St. James's Palace: "Mr. Piggott wants to see you." I foresaw what that meant. Again he received me most politely; he gave me

back the script with a gentle, "Take it home." "And burn it," I whispered under my breath. I knew it was no further use arguing.

Then I threw up the sponge, and, weary of trying more actresses, we fixed the next programme of the I.T.—a triple bill, in which Archer's translation of Edward Brandes' "The Visit"—from the Danish—was such a revelation of dramatic effect obtained

and that woman of genius, Olga Brandon—a performance still remembered by connoisseurs among old playgoers.

About that time Strindberg with his charming second wife, Frida, came to London, and they stayed for a few months in the same house as I—76, Warwick Street, Pimlico. We became great friends, and I

recall numerous evenings of unforgettable talks illuminated by his genius. He was a Viking to behold, and in manner the suavest of men. By day he wrote plays, and spasmodically worked at his novels, while Frida attended to his voluminous correspondence. By midnight he was ready for a chat, and then it was that he expounded, in preference, his peculiar views on women. He hated them. To him they were what he called a "nefarious power"—a root of all evil. Yet he could not do without them. And it was wonderful to behold how the fascinating Frida slaved and toiled for this gigantic figure of a man, how she took all material burdens on her shoulders, how she mothered him, how she tamed him with wiles and blandishments. She consumed herself to a cinder for him—but the woman was never born who could hold Strindberg for a lifetime. Shortly afterwards he left her practically alone in

London; and she heroically tried to fight her battle single-handed and started the first cabaret, "The Golden Calf," in Heddon Street, which began brilliantly, but foundered on finance and conflict with the licensing authorities. Afterwards she played her part in the artistic world of New York; and now, so I learn, she is busy upon her life with Strindberg—a book that will shed more light on the inwardness of this man of genius than all the articles and volumes written hitherto.

Needless to say that in my talks with August Strindberg "The Father" was often discussed, and that, in all humility, I expressed (more elaborately, of course) what I said above about the play. "It had to be written," he said, "it is true; Laura lives. I know her. The world is full of Lauras." And then he added, using a quotation from Alexandre Dumas fils—an author whom otherwise he held in no respect: "There is but one remedy. *Tue la; tue les.*"

This difference of opinion did not prevent my trying to fulfil his wish that "The Father" should be played in London. We talked of a private performance to be given at the Athenæum Hall (now pulled down) in the Tottenham Court Road—a hole-and-corner sort of refuge, but rendered famous by a second unlicensed performance of "Ghosts," with Lewis Waller as Oswald. I was getting the cast together when one summer's day I came home to Warwick Street to find Strindberg's rooms empty and forlorn. Without a word he had left: destination unknown. I did not hear from him until much later. So again "The Father" remained unproduced. Indeed, previous to the performance at Everyman, it has been seen only once in London—in a private performance without *éclat*. Nor do I know for certain by whom, and when, the license was obtained, but after Mr. Piggott's departure a more liberal spirit prevailed at St. James's Palace, which released "Ghosts" and "Monna Vanna" in 1914, and Granville Barker's "Waste" in 1922; although Wilde's "Salome"—despite the freedom of the opera, which is textually the play—remains taboo.



A POPULAR BROADCAST ENTERTAINMENT ON THE PACIFIC COAST: THE "CREW" OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RADIO TRAIN.

From left to right are seen: Doug, the brakeman (Douglas Flowers, assistant radio inspector); Millie (Miss M. Fuyarchok, stenographer); Aunt Emma (directress of children's programmes, Mabel L. Tomer); Conductor Ronnie (Ronald Matthews, a twelve-year-old blind boy); Captain Roy (Roy R. Brown, broadcasting operator); and Uncle George (G. A. Wright, announcer and broadcasting manager, who plays the engineer of the mythical train). All are employees of the broadcasting station, who have spent their spare time perfecting the various features which have made the Canadian National Radio Train one of the most popular radio entertainments of the Pacific Coast. The "train" is about to start its ethereal journey. Doug is watching for the signal light. Millie stands ready to ring the engine bell. She also supplies dramatic action in the form of tears and loud sobs. Aunt Emma is directing, and has just told Uncle George to be "on his toes," while Ronnie, in front of the microphone, is ready to call "Abocooord." Roy has the whistle which lends realism to the performance, and Uncle George an apparatus that produces engine sounds.

by the simplest means that it converted the very critics who until then showered anathema on the Independent Theatre and all its works. I recommend "The Visit" to Messrs. Rosmer and Malcolm



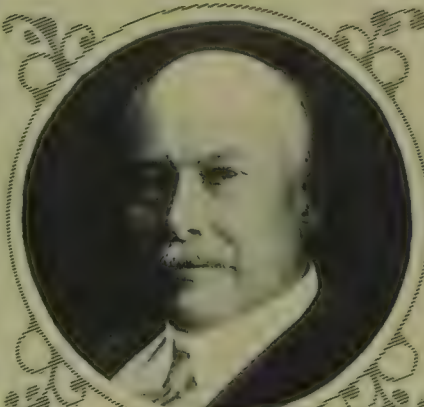
MISS DOROTHY DICKSON AT HER BEST IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "PEGGY-ANN," AT DALY'S THEATRE A DANCE ON DECK, WITH MR. OLIVER McLENNAN AS GUY PENDLETON.

Morley—it would be an acquisition to their repertory at Everyman, and I feel sure that they can get it as finely played as it was in the past by "young" Arthur Bourchier, "young" Philip Cunningham,

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**KING SISOWATH OF CAMBODIA.**

(Died recently, aged 87.) Succeeded in 1904, and was crowned in 1906. Visited Paris soon after. Firm supporter of the French administration in Cambodia.

**JUDGE ELBERT H. GARY.**

(Died in New York, August 15, aged 80.) Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation. During the War was Chairman of the Steel Committee of the Council of National Defence.

**THE RT. REV. E. C. PEARCE, D.D.**

Appointed first Bishop of the new diocese of Derby. Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, since 1914. Ex-Vice Chancellor of Cambridge University, and ex-Mayor of Cambridge.

**MR. JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.**

(Died August 13, aged 49.) Well-known American novelist and naturalist. Descendant of Captain Marryat. Author of "Kazan," "The Flaming Forest," and "The Alaskan."



RECENTLY DEDICATED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE ALTAR OF THE MEMORIAL CHAMBER IN THE PEACE TOWER AT OTTAWA, WITH THE BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE UPON IT, CONTAINING THE NAMES OF 60,000 CANADIANS WHO DIED IN THE WAR.

**MR. EAMON DE VALERA.**

Leader of the Republican Party (Fianna Fail).

**CAPTAIN WILLIAM REDMOND.**

Head of the National League.

**MR. W. T. COSGRAVE.**

President of the Executive Council since 1922.

**MR. THOMAS JOHNSON.**

Leader of the Labour Party.

THE "BIG FOUR" OF THE POLITICAL CRISIS IN THE IRISH FREE STATE: PARTY LEADERS PRINCIPALLY AFFECTED BY THE SITUATION CAUSED BY THE REPUBLICANS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

King Sisowath was born at Bangkok before Cambodia came under French rule, but throughout his reign he was a consistent friend of France, and was very popular there. During the war he recruited for the native regiments that served in France. His eldest son, Prince Moneivong, is fifty-two.—Judge Gary was one of the most prominent figures in American industrial life, and leader of the great amalgamation movement in the steel industry. He advocated friendship between the United States and Japan, and opposed the limitation of immigration.—Dr. Pearce, who is to be enthroned as Bishop of Derby in October, is a younger brother of the Bishop of Worcester. He was formerly Vicar of St. Benedict's, Cambridge, and has been active in municipal as well as University life. He was

Mayor of Cambridge in 1917.—Mr. James Oliver Curwood wrote many other books besides those mentioned above, as being among the best-known. He is said to have earned an exceptionally large amount from his film rights. He travelled much in the north of Canada.—The Altar which the Prince of Wales dedicated on August 3, in the Memorial Chamber in the Peace Tower of the Canadian Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, was the gift of Great Britain. The walls and ceiling of the chamber are of stone presented by the people of France, and the floor is made of stone from the battlefields.—The political situation in the Irish Free State was completely altered by the decision of Mr. de Valera and his followers to take the Oath of Allegiance, which they did on August 11.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Women and the Glorious Twelfth.

and early autumn lay between Scotland, an English



THE NEW VISCONTRESS DEERHURST: LORD KYLSANT'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

The new Viscountess Deerhurst is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Kylsant, and was formerly the Hon. Nesta Donne Philipps. Her marriage to the Hon. George Coventry, elder son of the late Viscount Deerhurst, and grandson of the Earl of Coventry, took place in 1921. Her husband now succeeds to the courtesy title of Viscount Deerhurst, on the death of his father, who was the eldest son of the Earl of Coventry.

countless important people established in lodges in Scotland.

Only a limited number of women handle guns themselves, but there are a few feminine shots who looked forward to the morning of Aug. 12 as eagerly as any man. Lady Lonsdale is a good shot, but her delicate health has of late rather interfered with her sport; and Lady Mar and Kellie is keen and expert, and was again this year a member of Lord Lonsdale's party for the Twelfth. Among the younger women, Lady Warrender is a good rifle shot, and has grassed several stags during the last season or two—including a thirteen-pointer shot at Ceannbroc in 1925, and reckoned the best head of the season—while Lady Thirlestane and Boltoun was practising assiduously for the festival of King Grouse at one of the shooting schools near London, where clay pigeons come over the butts in excellent imitation of the "real thing." She is the wife of the only son of the Earl of Lauderdale, and was formerly Miss Ethel Bell-Irving. When Lord Lauderdale succeeded to his father's Earldom, his son had the choice of two titles—that of Viscount Maitland, by which the present Earl was formerly known, or the prettier appellation of Lord Thirlestane and Boltoun. He chose the latter. Lady Thirlestane is the elder daughter of Mr. J. J. Bell-Irving, of Makers-toun, Roxburghshire, and is a good

One of the most remarkable features of modern society is its mobility. Only a few years ago the choice for the late summer and early autumn lay between Scotland, an English country house, or a visit to some foreign spa in search of health rather than amusement. To-day, however, the leaders of the social world contrive to fit in Scottish visits as well as trips to the Lido, Deauville, or Biarritz in their autumn programme.

At the moment, though the foreign *villes de plaisir* have claimed a number of well-known people, the hub of the social world is in Scotland and the North of England, with his Majesty opening the shooting season as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire at Bolton Abbey, and

all-round sportswoman. She has killed many a salmon on the Tweed, and throws as long and straight a line as any woman. Mrs. George Phillipi, the younger daughter of Don Julio de Bittencourt, and the wife of Mr. George Phillipi, of Crawley Court, is another woman shot. She only took up the sport a couple of seasons ago, and has made splendid progress, now being a very fair shot indeed at pheasants and partridges.

The New Countess Howe and Her Retrievers.

She has taken countless prizes at retriever trials, and constantly acts as a judge. For the last two years

The new Countess Howe is another woman to whom the Twelfth of August means a great deal, but her interest in shooting is actuated by her enthusiasm for retrievers.



AN ENTHUSIASTIC WOMAN SHOT: LADY THIRLESTANE AND BOLTOUN IN ACTION. Lady Thirlestane and Boltoun is the daughter-in-law of the Earl of Lauderdale, and is a good all-round sportswoman.

she has rented a small shoot in Aberdeenshire, chiefly for the training of her retrievers; and when the sport was in progress sometimes there were half-a-dozen dogs out, not one of which was worth less than £200, while she owned one for which £700 had been paid. No sportsman invited to shoot with the then Mrs. Quintin Dick was ever allowed to pick up one of his own birds, however close to him it might have fallen. The shoot was taken for the dogs to work, and to show their capabilities.

A Pure-Food Enthusiast.

When talking of Scotland, one is reminded of Lady Hamilton of Dalzell and her very successful activities for the welfare of mothers and children. Her most recent venture—that of establishing a *crèche* on the Hamilton Race-course—was pictured in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*, and I hear that her pure-food shop, instituted some little time ago, is proving the greatest success.

Both Lord and Lady Hamilton are interested in the pure-milk campaign, and they recently extended their activities by opening a shop at Motherwell where vegetables, eggs, and fruit might be purchased at little above cost price. The goods are supplied from their own gardens and estate, and the shop is a most attractive place, built in the style of an old-world cottage, with a thatched roof, and neat

overallled girls as saleswomen. Motherwell is a very poor district, situated in the Scottish coal-mining district, where there has been much distress consequent on the coal strike, and the pure-food shop has been a great boon to the miners' wives.

Feminine Good Sense.

It is curious how women are so constantly being attacked for their frivolity in manners, bearing, and costume, and yet on every hand one sees signs of good sense displayed by our sex. With regard to dress, it is especially noticeable at this season, when country life and country pursuits are occupying the time of most people. Our sports outfits are the last word in neatness and discretion, while we have boldly cast away our colour superstitions. Green, for instance, was once regarded with genuine apprehension, and was practically never seen at a wedding, on a racecourse, or anywhere where the wooing of good luck was thought to be the premier necessity. During the last year or two, the dreaded colour has been creeping into favour. It made a shy appearance at weddings in the dress of bridesmaids, and is now an accepted favourite for a bridal *cortège*. It is constantly seen on racecourses, and the Hon. Lady Bailey, the aviator wife of Sir Abe Bailey, usually selects it for her flying trips. She has, by the way, set the fashion for all feminine pilots by her neat

turban head-dresses, originally adopted on account of a wound in the head, but most becoming and sensible.

Two Ancient Families to be United.

The engagement of the Hon. Myrtle Dormer to Mr. Robert George Berkeley was announced last week, and the marriage will unite two very ancient families. Miss Dormer is the

second daughter of the late Captain Lord Dormer, C.B.E., R.N., who was a Gentleman Usher to the King from 1919 until 1922, and is the sister of the present Lord Dormer, 15th baron and 15th baronet. The family are descended from Sir Robert Dormer, who was raised to the peerage in 1615. His grandson was created Earl of Carnarvon and Viscount Ascot; but when he lost his life at the battle of Newbury in 1643 the Earldom and Viscounty became extinct, and the Baron passed to a kinsman. Mr. Berkeley comes of an equally ancient family, and is descended from the Hon. Thomas Berkeley, who died in 1484, and was the fourth son of the sixth Lord Berkeley. The Berkeleys have owned Spetchley Park, Worcester, since the end of the sixteenth century, as the place was purchased by Rowland Berkeley, M.P. for the city of Worcester, who died there in 1611; while his son, who was born in 1584, was Sir Robert Spetchley, the eminent lawyer, and one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench.



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT GEORGE BERKELEY: THE HON. MYRTLE DORMER.

The engagement of the Hon. Myrtle Dormer, second daughter of the late Captain Lord Dormer, C.B.E., R.N., to Mr. Robert George Berkeley, has been announced.



THE ONLY WOMAN METALLURGIST: MISS C. F. ELAM, D.SC.

Miss C. F. Elam is one of the only two women members of the Iron and Steel Institute, and has just been awarded the scholarship provided by Sir Robert Hadfield for the Second (Triennial) Empire Mining and Metallurgical Congress, which opens in Canada on August 22. Miss Elam is engaged at the Royal School of Mines, South Kensington, where this photograph was taken. She was granted the research fellowship founded by the Armourers' and Braziers' Company, and came to the Royal School of Mines. She first acted as assistant to Professor Carpenter, but is now engaged in the scientific investigation of the properties of minerals. She sailed for Canada last week.

AN UNKNOWN NEOLITHIC CULTURE IN CHINA ? REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES OF PAINTED POTTERY SAID TO BE 5000 YEARS OLD.



A STRIKING
EXAMPLE AMONG
THE THOUSAND
VASES AND
FRAGMENTS
DISCOVERED IN
NORTHERN
CHINA : A TWO-
HANDLED VESSEL
NOW IN THE
WANNIECK
COLLECTION
IN PARIS.



ONE OF A GREAT HOARD OF
PAINTED POTTERY FOUND IN NEO-
LITHIC STRATA OF NORTHERN
CHINA : AN EXAMPLE INCLUDED IN
M. WANNIECK'S COLLECTION.



A UNIQUE SPECIMEN : A SMALL VASE WITH TWO
HANDLES AND A SLENDER BODY RESTING ON
THREE RUDIMENTARY FEET.



ARTISTIC IN SHAPE AND DECORATION, AND REGARDED AS INDICATING A HIGH STATE OF NEO-
LITHIC CULTURE, PREVIOUSLY UNSUSPECTED, IN NORTHERN CHINA ABOUT 5000 YEARS AGO :
A SPECIMEN IN THE WANNIECK COLLECTION.



EVIDENCE OF SKILLED NEOLITHIC CRAFTSMANSHIP, HITHERTO UNKNOWN, IN
NORTHERN CHINA AT THE PERIOD REPRESENTED : AN EXAMPLE IN THE
CERNUSCHI MUSEUM, PARIS.



ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS IN THE GREAT "FIND" OF
NEOLITHIC PAINTED POTTERY IN NORTHERN CHINA : A TWO-HANDLED VASE
NOW IN THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

Describing the remarkable discovery here illustrated, a French writer, M. H. d'Ardienne de Tizac, says: "Dr. Andersson, a Swedish mining expert employed by the Chinese Government, was travelling through Northern China in search of metal and coal, when his pick-axe suddenly brought to light deposits of painted pottery, of a type unknown in China. Greatly interested, he pursued his search and made similar exhumations in Southern Manchuria and the Provinces of Ho-nan, Shan-si, Shen-si, and Kan-su. The geological strata in which the pottery was contained left no doubt that it belonged to the end of the Neolithic Age, about five thousand years ago. Hitherto, historians have described China of that time

as in a state of barbarism. Again, Neolithic ceramic fragments found in Europe are crude and ill-fashioned, but this pottery is the product of skilled craftsmen. Most of the vases have been turned on the potter's wheel. The material is a fine clay, and the potter knew how to stiffen it by adding oxide of iron. Analysis of several fragments showed that they had been baked at from 1100 to 1400 degrees. We can draw two conclusions—first, that an unsuspected civilisation existed in prehistoric China, and second, that Neolithic Chinese pottery surpassed that of the same period elsewhere." Further extracts from M. Tizac's article appear on page 318 in this number.

Fashions & Fancies



A trim felt hat for riding or sports which is a speciality of Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W.

A Reaction in Colours. We have worn brown in all its hundreds of variations for so long that, this autumn, fashion is really trying to give prestige to other colours.

Judging from the preliminary models which have already found their way across the Channel, grey promises to be a favourite for daytime coats and suits—but a shade that is only expressed by its French title, *gris brumeux*, darker than the light grey and yet not definitely mole. This colour is especially effective as a background to the beautiful silver-fox furs which have thrown down the gauntlet definitely in the face of the ubiquitous stone-marten. This particular grey allied with blue is distinctive, and the lovely softness of the furs takes away the unbecoming effect which grey has for some women. "Ibis" pink is a new colour for the evening, and is very charming for youthful dance frocks in chiffon, and in that fascinating new material, ring velvet, which is also exquisite in a lovely shade of tender leaf-green.

Shoes and Accessories of To-Morrow.

While we are waiting eagerly to see the new fashions revealed by mannequin parades during the next few weeks, in the case of some accessories, the new modes stand already revealed. In shoes, for instance, the laws are decided. For the daytime, models of patent leather or coloured kid, with insertions of lizard and snake, are newer and smarter than the all-reptile shoe, except for sports and country wear. For the evening, in revenge for the frocks becoming plainer, shoes are more decorative. Coloured satin, embroidered with silk in tapestry stitching to match the beautiful point-de-Beauvais bags, is chosen for some of the loveliest shoes, and those of black satin have the toes sewn with brilliants. The sandal style, which is in itself more decorative than the familiar one-strap, is coming back, and gold kid slippers strapped with insertions of brocade are favourite exponents of the mode. Stockings remain flesh-coloured or with a suggestion of a mauve tint in them; while for wearing with black evening frocks are designed very pale shell-pink stockings with shoes of a deeper rose.

Jewellery on Shoes, Dress, and Hat.

Jewellery at the moment is partly on dress, on shoes, and on hats. A crystal buckle, worked with onyx and diamanté, is introduced on your frock, and smaller ones on your shoes; or, if it is in the daytime, the frock buckle is removed to the hat. Crystal is introduced in many different ways. There are "chokers" of plain crystal or tinted to amethyst and opal colourings, while the bracelets to match are like small chains linked with these stones. Hat ornaments take the form of large squares or triangles, and one of the new season's models boasts an initial of crystal. Another new form of hat decoration is an amusing question-mark of steel, posed on one side of a close-fitting black velour.



Cut and tailored with careful correctness is this astride habit built by Moss Bros., 20, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

New Bags and Umbrellas.

An accessory which always has a never-failing interest for every woman is the hand-bag. And it is not surprising, for nowadays each is a miniature work of art. There are always any number of lovely bags to be found at J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W., and from there come the trio sketched on this page. The flat pochette in the left-hand corner is of bright green suede cloth appliquéd with a bold Futurist design in brilliantly coloured velvet and embroidery, the border being of gold thread stitching. The price is £3 12s. 6d. The pouch-bag opposite is a very new shape, and is carried out in soft fawn leather with an arc-shaped mount of water-snake. The case is flat, and it is lined with suede, price £2 10s. Below comes a beautiful bag for afternoon or evening in exquisite petit-point embroidery, fitted to a gold-chased mount ornamented with red and green stones. A very useful bag for everyday use is of real leather in the new pouch shape, available for one guinea. The travelling



A group of fascinating accessories for the coming season from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W. At the top is a brilliantly coloured pochette, next a pouch-bag of leather and snakeskin, and below a bag in exquisite petit-point embroidery. The silk umbrella is fitted with ivory.



Very new is this smart little cherry-coloured felt with bands of stitching running over the crown. It comes from Robert Heath.

umbrella pictured is a diminutive affair with a real ivory handle and ferrule, and a bottle-green silk cover. These small umbrellas range from two guineas upwards.

New Felts for the Autumn.

The felt hat will be once again a *pièce de résistance* of every woman's autumn wardrobe, and pictured at the top of this page are two new models from Robert Heath's of Knightsbridge, S.W. On the right is a very smart little hat with the crown tucked from front to back in small rows, leaving bands of the plain felt in between. It is expressed in a lovely shade of cherry. On the left is a trim, sports felt, one of this firm's famous models, which neither spot nor spoil with the rain, and can be obtained from 30s. upwards. There are also many attractive shaded velours this season in lovely purplish tints which are very fashionable. Velvet and felt, too, are allied in many new models, one very distinctive affair having the crown of black velvet stitched with white, and the rather wide brim of black felt.

Inexpensive Riding Habits.

Riding enthusiasts rejoice in the fact that their season will soon be in full swing again, and habits and accessories must be thought of well in advance. A firm who make well-tailored habits at very moderate prices are Moss Bros., at the corner of King Street and Bedford Street, W.C. The outfit pictured above, for instance, can be made in summer-weight wool-warp, gabardines, and whipcords from seven to nine guineas, according to the material. The breeches are cut very full and reinforced with leather, and the well-fitting coat has wide revers and a link fastening. Riding boots can also be obtained here, price 95s., in black, and £5 in brown; while riding mackintoshes can be secured for 65s.

A Book of Knitted Fashions.

In September knitted suits are the ideal form of sports clothes, and the book of new knitted fashions issued by Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W., has arrived at an opportune moment. Amongst the many attractive suits illustrated is an inexpensive three-piece model in wool and rayon, with jumpers and cardigan in a fine stripe with facings of artificial silk. The skirt is pleated, and the price is 94s. 6d. complete. An effective new golf suit in marl stockinette, beautifully tailored and looking like a well-cut tweed suit, is available for 8½ guineas; while for shooting there is a smart outfit with knitted jumper and waistcoat in subdued checks, and a skirt specially woven to match. The price is 9 guineas. The book will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper. By the way, the needs of well-developed women are also studied, and an attractive dress and waistcoat of knitted wool frisca with milanese facings, made in an outsize fitting, can be obtained for 10½ guineas. The dress separately can be secured for 7 guineas, and the waistcoat for 3½ guineas. Many of the charming new season's colours are available.

“LOVE ME, LOVE MY . . .”



THE PUPPY.

“Patrick,” the Puppy,
And Baby—his “brother,”
Have heartrending stories
To tell one another;
“They smacked me,” sighs Baby,
“For eating some coal!”
“Chew a slipper,” grins Pat,
“It’s less tough on the whole.”

Baby and “Patrick,”
On limbs of elastic,
Make piratical raids,
Though reprisals are drastic—
These battered Abdullas
Mean wild Nursery Weather—
“P’raps it won’t hurt so much
If we’re punished together!”

F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES
TURKISH AND EGYPTIAN
VIRGINIA (BOTH “IMPERIAL” & “AMERICAN”)

HOLIDAY PHILOSOPHY.

(Continued from Page 309.)

God the amount of time which the most lukewarm dared not refuse Him three centuries ago.

There is no doubt that, so long as Western civilisation continues to develop on the lines which it has followed during the last century, we shall be condemned to go on working and amusing ourselves increasingly. We must sleep as little as possible, so as to devote to amusement all the time which is available when we have finished our work. That is the law of modern life, and it seems destined to bring all humanity under its yoke. Our pleasures and our tastes, our ideas and all our actions, must increasingly be subjected to the invisible pressure of the spirit of the age—that is to say, to the opinion and example of others. It will become ever more difficult, even for the most subtle observer of himself, to discern up to what point he really desires a pleasure because it gives him real joy, and how much he is influenced in his desire by the fact that everyone about him is convinced that the hour or the day or the month or the season for that enjoyment has come.

Here also it is easy to perceive what the new principle of life is which modern civilisation has introduced into our history, and which some admire and others detest, without really understanding it. Just as civilisation has made an almost superhuman effort to give abundance to the world and disarm death, so it has now multiplied men's joys, amusements, and pleasures. But in this direction also it has been forced to go too far, because it did not know where to stop. . . . "Nothing in excess" was one of the supreme formulae of ancient wisdom. It was applied alike to population and pleasures, to riches and power. Modern civilisation rests on the opposite principle: "Too much of everything." There must be a superabundance of all the things we desire, so that there may be enough. The old qualitative civilisations sinned always by default; our civilisation sins always by excess. There exists to-day an over-production of pleasures, just as there may be over-production of corn, oil, or cotton.

All the discussions which have taken place since the French Revolution on the subject of modern civilisation, its horrors and its greatness, centre round these two formulae. More or less consciously, the admirers and detractors of our epoch wish to know which of these formulae is the better. But the substitution of the second formula for the first as a principle of life was such a revolution in the history of the world that a century later the human mind still seems stunned by it. It is only now beginning

to catch a glimpse of the true character of that revolution, and to understand clearly what it likes and what it detests in the world in which it lives. It is incontestable that this principle of universal excess has marvellously stimulated the energy and intelligence of man in action. The overflowing activity of our time, which is in process of vivifying the earth, proceeded from it. The principle, however, seems less fertile in results if we consider it as a means of augmenting human happiness.

There is no means of discovering whether the *otium* of the ancients was more agreeable than the tumultuous holidays which we enjoy. If modern holidays consist, for many people, in nothing but a different kind of over-fatigue from that of the towns and of other seasons of the year, the majority adapt themselves to that condition, content to feel themselves in the march of progress in the world of pleasures in the month of August, as they are in the world of work in the month of January. Humanity was probably equally happy and unhappy in all ages, for it has never had the means of comparing its sorrows and joys with those of former generations.

Personal experience, however, shows us that the two elements which increase pleasure in everything are difficulty and liberty. When pleasures are too numerous and easy they blunt sensibility; when they are imposed on minds to which they are repugnant they provoke revolt. Asceticism was almost always a revolt against repugnant pleasures. The most marvellous of civilisations would, perhaps, be that which would keep the "too much of everything" of modern civilisation as a principle of action, and the "nothing in excess" of the ancients as a principle of happiness. But is such a civilisation possible, and when will it come to pass? Will man ever be able to live according to two opposing principles and extract from them supreme harmony?

NEOLITHIC PAINTED POTTERY FOUND IN CHINA.

(See Illustrations on Page 315.)

ON another page we illustrate the remarkable Neolithic pottery discovered by Dr. Andersson in northern China, and described by M. de Tizac. Continuing his article, the latter says: "The vases and fragments unearthed by Dr. Andersson were conveyed to Stockholm. Their number is said to be about one thousand, one half of which are to return to Peking after study and exhibition. The first vases

which reached Paris were placed in the Cernuschi Museum and the Sauphar collection, but several further objects of high interest have been imported during the last few months. The Louvre has acquired one of the most beautiful, the Cernuschi Museum has secured two vases, and the others remain in the hands of M. Wannick.

"The most bulky vases are of strong and elegant design; the thin low neck is accurately set on a wide, ample, solid body, which tapers down to the foot. The impression is that of perfect balance. A rarer thing is the small vase, whose double handle begins at the very mouth; its slender body rests on three rudimentary feet—a feature which is unique among the objects discovered.

"The first appearance of this pottery produces surprise. Then analogies recur to the memory. We think of the Mycenaean vases, of those of Central America, and those which Morgan brought back from primitive Susa (Shushan).

"The colouring of the ornamentation varies with that of the surface. The interplay of red, violet, and black is the most frequent. The decoration consists generally of winding lines, which occupy the upper part of the body and are supported by zones of straight or undulating bands, sometimes adjusted in triangles or diamonds, or crossed in trellis-work.

"A surprising thing is that this ceramic art, after having developed in Northern China about five thousand years ago, suddenly disappeared into the ground without leaving any trace in the development of Chinese pottery as we know it. It is therefore not unlikely that it was imported by the migration of a cultivated race, and followed the latter in its departure.

"If, finally, we consider the positive resemblance of this pottery to the relics discovered at Anau, Abu-Sharain, Susa, Kizyl-Vank, and perhaps with those of Baluchistan, we conclude that, five thousand years ago, a culture existed which extended through Turkestan, Mesopotamia, Elam, Transcaucasia, perhaps India, and certainly North-West China. What vistas are thus opened on the movements of peoples and the interchanges of civilisation in primitive Asia!"

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

AN INTERESTING SHOCK-ABSORBER AND A GOOD OIL.

IT is one of the many proofs of the slow progress made in the design and construction of our motor-car springs that for so many years shock-absorbers of various widely differing forms have been on the



A HALT AT "TEAPOT HALL": AN OVERLAND "WHIPPET" OUTSIDE A QUAIN OLD COTTAGE ON THE SCRIVELEY ESTATE, LINCOLNSHIRE. This quaint old Lincolnshire cottage, known as "Teapot Hall," is said to date back to early Anglo-Saxon days.

market, and, in most cases, adopted as part of the standard equipment of their cars by makers who ingenuously (and quite forgivably) describe those cars in their catalogues as having good suspension. I think I must have tried every known form of shock-absorber which has been made, from the highly scientific hydraulic affair, costing, before the war, about £20 a set, to the modest pair of coil springs which took the place of one's rear spring-shackles. And some I have liked and others I have simply despised.

The problem is attacked by a number of highly experienced people in a number of ways, each with a certain degree of success, some with a great deal. It is a problem of no mean dimensions, as these brave people will tell you. You have to smooth out the jar of bumps induced by falling into and jerking out

of pot-holes. You have to smooth out the maddening tremors induced by driving over the corduroy type of surface which is the especial legacy of lorry and motor-bus. You have to keep the car smooth-running and at the same time prevent it from developing a boat-like pitch.

While you are arranging for these essentials you have to remember that the car must stick to the road properly, especially when rounding curves swiftly. Nor must you forget that balloon tyres, luxurious as they may seem at low speeds, are sometimes apt to exhibit rolling proclivities at high speeds which make you very uncomfortable. The other day I drove a large American car with outsize tyres which was exceedingly dangerous at over fifty-five miles an hour. She needed the entire width of the road to herself, and a bit over. You have to remind yourself, as you design your shock-absorbers, that this must not be encouraged but reduced. Your shock-absorbers must "glue her to the road," or you won't be able to sell them.

And finally, when you have found the correct answer to all

these things, you must arrange for the effect to be achieved at all speeds between ten miles an hour and the maximum the car is capable of.

It is not an easy matter, this building of shock-absorbers. They are much more than shock-absorbers really (at all events, the good ones); they are general stabilisers. They prevent undue movement of the car laterally or vertically. Not too many of them succeed in this difficult task.

As I said, I have met one or two which do very well indeed, and the latest of these is the "N.B.," which stands for Newton and Bennett, the

designers and makers, who do business at 46, Knightsbridge, London. Their design is an ingenious combination of the pneumatic and the hydraulic. The bouncing action of the car-springs, which is what causes the car and you to be violently bumped and jarred, is controlled in the preliminary stages of the shock by air-compression, and in the succeeding stages by oil-damping. The stabilisers are cylinders, about a foot high and two-and-a-half inches in diameter for a medium-sized car, one end of which is anchored to the chassis-frame, and the other, the bottom of the piston-rod, to the axle. The cylinder is filled with a special sort of oil, and when a hole or a hump in the road tries to drive the piston upwards or pull it downwards the effect of the shock is absorbed by the fact that the oil has to squeeze through small holes in the piston-head.

Generally speaking, that is all. It is extremely simple and the cushioning effects are remarkable. My own car, to which the "N.B." is fitted, is normally unusually well sprung. I make a fuss about springs, holding

[Continued overleaf.]



THE KING'S NEW CAR: A CROSSLEY SIX-CYLINDER ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE, LATELY SUPPLIED TO HIS MAJESTY.

His Majesty's new Crossley limousine is painted maroon with a fine red line, and with the Royal crest on doors and back. The interior is upholstered in blue leather. Only a short time ago a Crossley "Six" was supplied to the Prince of Wales, this being his third Crossley. Crossley Motors, Ltd., have thus the unique distinction of holding the appointments of motor-car manufacturers to both the King and the Prince.

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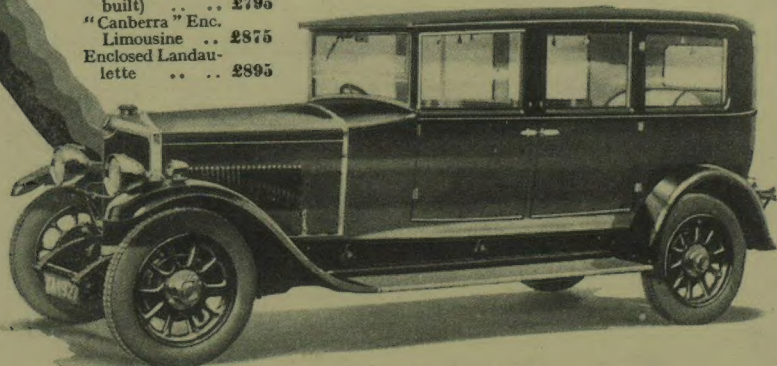
"I feel I am under an obligation to my fellow-motorists to ask you to be good enough to say that, in all my experience, I have had no greater delight than that afforded by the ownership of one of the new Crossley Sixes. I like to think that I am too old a hand at the game to go into raptures early on, but I have just completed 1,000 miles on the Crossley, and if there is anything better in the motoring world, about it. To those doubters who want a delightful experience which only a super-six quality car can give, my most earnest advice to them is to try a Crossley. I have absolutely no connection whatever with the Crossley Co."

"N.C.R.C."

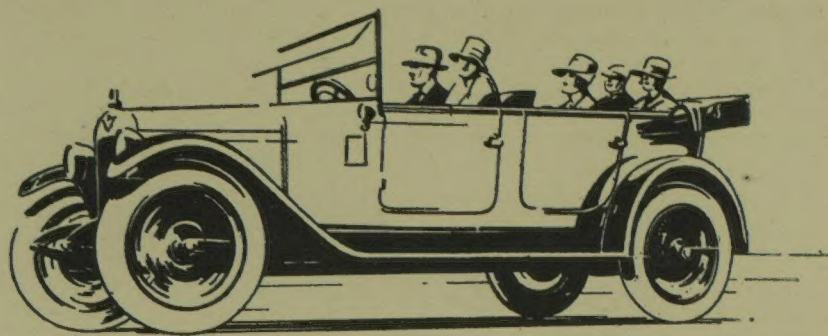
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(Continued.)

decent suspension to be indispensable on any car, and I was distinctly pleased with the way she ran before I had the "N.B." on. The improvement since they were fitted is really astonishing. It is not only that all but the very worst bumps are invariably smoothed out, but that the general movement of the car at all speeds is so even that you don't think about shock-absorbers at all. The driving-wheels and steering-wheels stick to the road under all conditions of surface, with the result that not only is the general speed of the car as well as her acceleration improved, but it is all unobtrusive. My first sensation was almost one of disappointment.

It was not until I noticed over what sort of surface I was driving and at what speed that I realised that a transformation had been brought about. The car "sits down" on the road in a most comforting way, and your sense of safety increases as the speed rises. At the maximum figure you really do feel as much in control of the car as you do at twenty miles an hour, and that velvet smoothness of motion is just as noticeable. They cost from £8 8s. to £14 14s. a set, according to the size of car.

AN UNUSUAL ENGINE OIL.

There was a time, years ago, when I used to allow myself to be persuaded to try various brands of oil in my current engines, all different from those recommended by the makers of the cars. After finding one in about ten years which really made any perceptible difference to the running of the engine, and about six which were either neutral or definitely worse than the recommended brand, I gave it up. As a general rule, you may safely rely on the car-manufacturer's experience in this matter. Stick to what he says and save yourself trouble.

I have just come across the inevitable exception, and my experience with it has been so remarkably

pleasant that I think it only fair to mention it. The oil is called Speedolene, made by Silvertown Lubricants, Ltd., Norway House, Cockspur Street. It differs from most brands I know in being particularly clear and of light weight, also in having an all-the-year-round quality. What suits you in summer suits you in winter. I began to use it just after Christmas last, and I have stuck to it ever since, so I can judge of the truth of this claim.

In cold weather there is positively no gumming of piston-rings, and really the minimum of film to break. I had not to use my starting-handle once, although with other oils my self-starter made heavy weather of getting the engine going in ten degrees of frost unless I had given it a dozen hand-operated pull-ups first. Further, I have noticed that, in such alleged hot weather as we have had, the consistency of the oil remains practically the same, even after really hard work hill-climbing or driving fast. I have no doubt at all that the engine runs distinctly better with Speedolene than it did before, more smoothly and certainly with greater liveliness. I have been genuinely impressed with this oil, which is why I give a report on what would normally be a dull accessory. It *does* make an engine go better—or it makes mine do so, anyway. I have used it for some 8000 miles' hard running.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

HOUSES OF ANTIQUITY.

(Continued from page 308.)

supported by two feet carved in the shape of sphinx-like monsters), precious vases kept filled with flowers adorned it, and the ladies used it as a toilet-table.

The floor of this most important room, at first of beaten clay, then of cement, wherein fragments of marble were incrustured in a symmetrical pattern, was at last, in palaces and rich houses, paved in white, or marble of various colours, or covered with mosaics. Every part of the wall, even the beams of the roof, were painted in fresco.

So the whole house, from floor to roof, was covered with colour, the tints of which are still surprisingly bright.

On the left of the *impluvium*, against the wall (the place varied, now here, now there) the *lares* had their shrine (*lararium*). At the foot of the shrine are stone steps. On the top one stands a folding silver tripod for sacrifice. A metal box contains incense.

Facing the *lararium*, on the opposite wall of the atrium, stands the strong box, a heavy, bronze coffer, firmly fixed to a stone block. Here the master kept his money and valuables, precious stones and objects of rare artistic merit. A complicated lock and many rivets ensured its security.

Above it hangs a portrait in a box-like frame, the two shutters of which, when open, reveal the features of an absent, or perhaps dead, member of the family. A wreath of flowers hangs from the frame as a token of affection. There is such another image further on.

The door at the lower right-hand corner of the atrium leads to a smaller atrium beyond, and other rooms, including the kitchen. These latter rooms are not visible. On the other side of the strong box, passing a pantry or office door, we come to a large recess (*ala*), which can be closed by a wide curtain. It is the *tablinum*, used by the master as his own particular room. A window overlooks the garden (*viridarium*), and comfortable furniture, books, and works of art make this room extremely agreeable. A door in the corner of the *tablinum* leads into the *triclinium* (dining-room), and near the *triclinium* was the kitchen.

Our picture shows the lady of the house returning home after a visit to the baths. She is entering from the street, and one can see the doorkeeper's arm lifting the curtain that shuts off the *prothyrum*, or vestibule. A girl slave on duty near the door bows to her mistress as she advances and makes the gesture of worship due to the gods of the *lararium*. The lady is dressed in a blue *stola*, covered by the *palla*, which corresponded to the Greek *himation*.

A bronze brazier is placed on the floor for the comfort of the slave when she sits on the stool, where we can see a piece of needlework which she left on rising to bow to her mistress in obedience and respect. Women would not stop in the atrium, where it was more common to see an old male slave with his broom than an elegantly dressed lady.

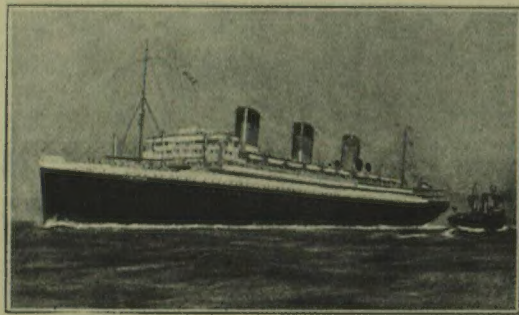
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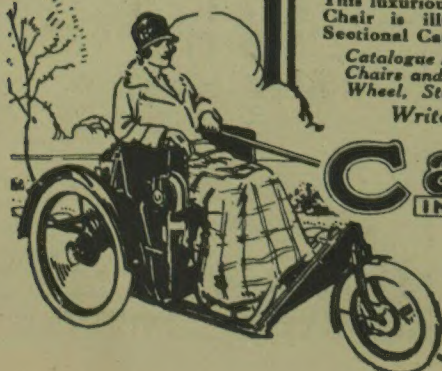
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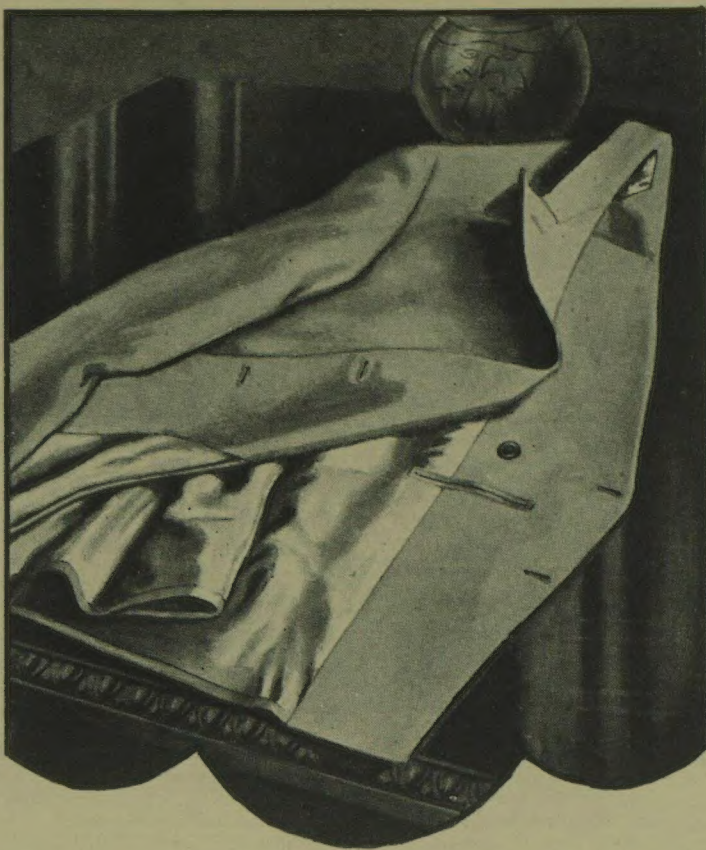
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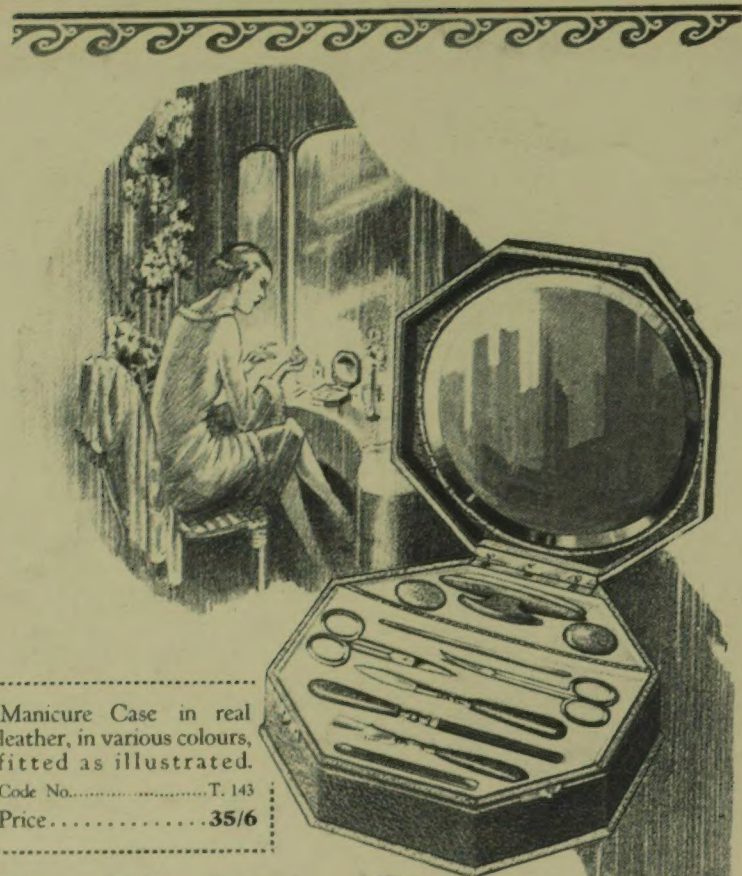
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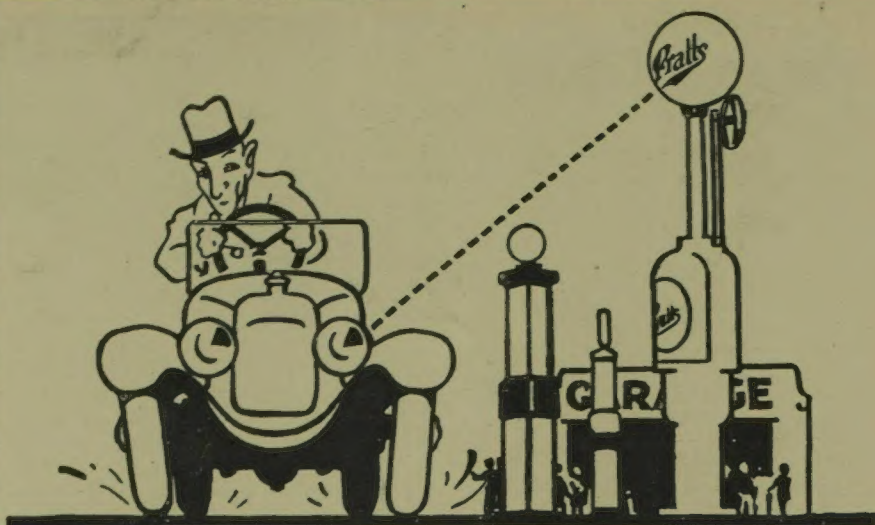
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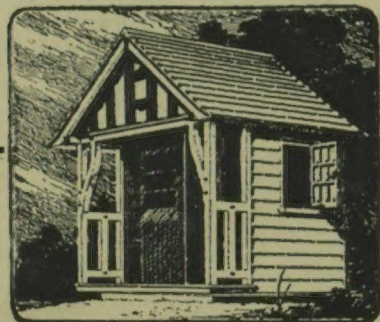
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